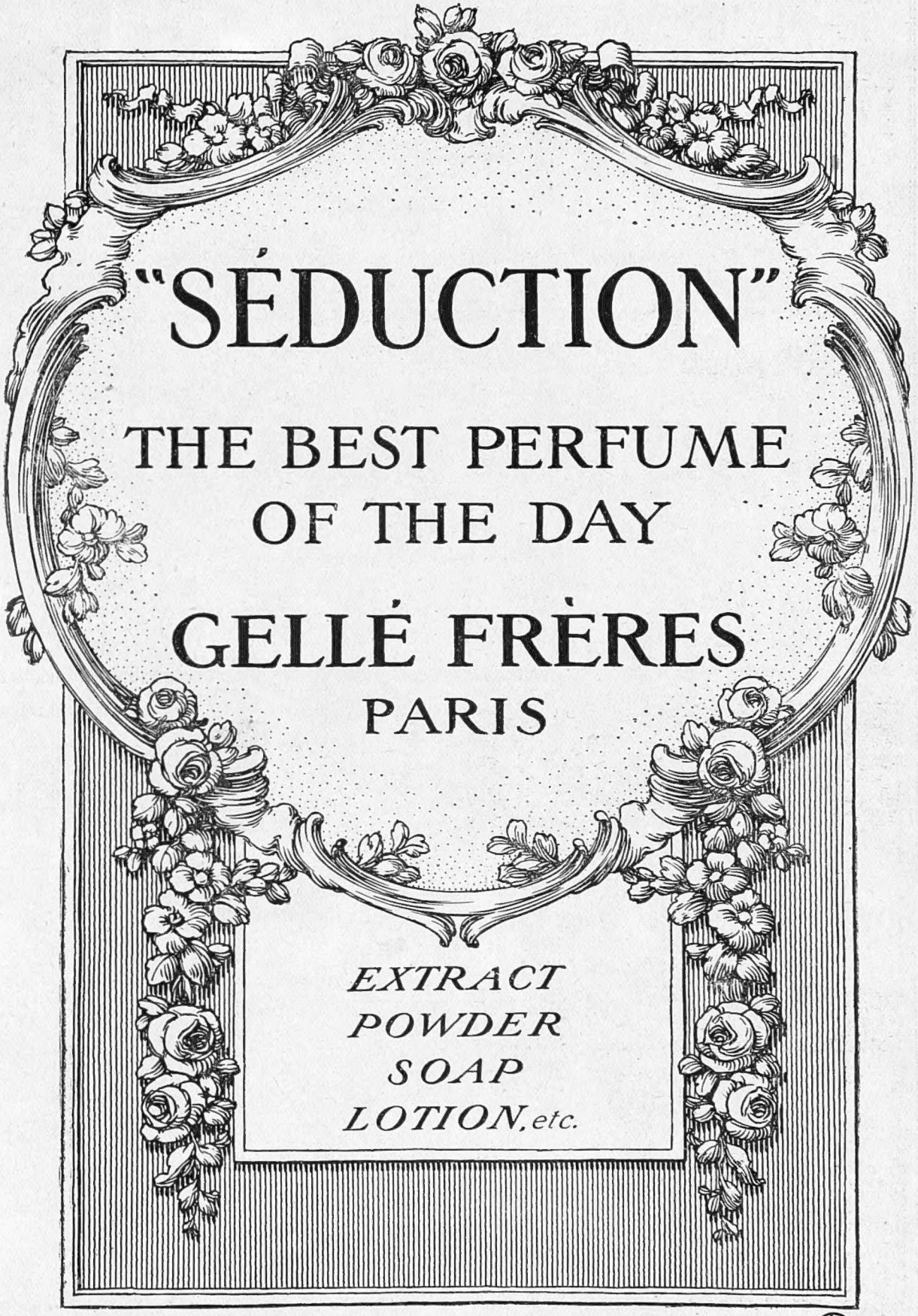
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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Court

YORK Cottage is to be the residence of the Court over Christmas. Early in January the King and Queen will go to Windsor for three or four weeks, after which they will settle at Buckingham Palace.

Timely

The Earl Marshal has issued yet another warning to dilatory peers and peeresses of the realm, giving them, for the last time, plainly to understand that if they fail to make application for their letters of summons to the Coronation before January 1, 1911, he will—well, as he himself would put it, jolly well won't be responsible for their getting one at all. That's all!

Royal Fixtures

The King will hold a Levée at St. James's Palace shortly after the meeting of Parliament; there will be a diplomatic and official Court at Buckingham Palace early in March; and it is probable that before leaving Windsor their Majesties will pay a private visit to Portsmouth.

Loyalty in Richmond

There is something about Richmond that appeals to the Bourbon imagination, evidently, for different exiles of that ancient House have found shelter there for the last century, and now it is announced that King Manoel has leased a house there from Kaid Sir Harry Maclean. His Majesty, a member of the Portuguese ex-Embassy staff tells me, has altogether recovered the high spirits that were his "before the fall." He is contemplating with boyish glee residence in the near vicinity of a city where even a King may enjoy himself.

Photograph Val L'Estrange *Photograph Mayall*

Captain Walter Long, D.S.O., and Mrs. Long

Who were married on December 17 at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mrs. Long was a Miss Sibell Johnstone, eldest daughter of the Hon. Francis Johnstone, and grand-daughter of Lord Derwent. Captain Long is in the Royal Scots Greys, and is the son of the Rt. Hon. Walter and Lady Doreen Long

In Demand

Prince Arthur of Connaught is becoming an inveterate guest at house-parties. No party within a hundred miles of York (where the Prince does military duty in his spare time) is complete without him, and competition, it is whispered, simply rages, for Prince Arthur is not only a good shot and a very good dinner-companion, but also, though Royal, a *parti*. Lord Londesborough (at Blankney), Lord Zetland, Mrs. Wilson (at Tranby Croft), her sister-in-law, Lady Nunburnholme, and Lord Wenlock are among the Prince's most recent hosts.

BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER

If readers are unable to secure a copy from their newsagent, a limited number of this remarkable issue can still be procured from the Publisher. In the general opinion of the town and country Press, the Bystander Christmas Number, 1910, has no superior and few rivals.

Photograph *Sport and General*

The House-Party for Lord Rossmore's Shoot at Rossmore Castle, Co. Monaghan, Ireland

Left to right: Mr. Prentice, Sir John Arnott, Miss Hamilton, Mr. La Touche, Miss Porter Porter, Hon William Westenra, Mrs. Hamilton, Marquis of Headfort, Mr. Millard, Mr. Lushington, Hon. Richard Westenra and, sitting, Lord Rossmore, Mr. Jamieson

The Alleged Tory "Split"

"Hullo, a split, I see." "Yes—but it was there before." Thus one might reply to those Radical journals which are at present gloating over the supposed new dissensions in the Conservative camp. The "split" in question is the same old split. For years, the *Morning Post* has been seething with rebellion against "Balfourism." Did it not run its very own Mr. Jebb all by himself at Marylebone, and did he not obtain no fewer than 702 votes? We all know our *Morning Post*, and it is too naïve of the Radical Press to pretend that anything it says is in the nature of a surprise. Mr. Balfour is recognised as the only man in the Commons really qualified to lead the party in present conditions. True, he doesn't exactly rant about Tariff Reform, to the detriment of all other topics; but then, the vast majority of the party do not either. We are all Tariff Reformers, and when we come in again, Tariff Reform the country will get. But as the country has shown three times running that it doesn't want it, we have to wait until it changes its mind.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

Colonel C. R. Burn, M.P.

Who converted a Radical majority of 11 into a Unionist majority of 130 in the Torquay Division of Devon

Captain E. F. Morrison-Bell

Who converted a Radical majority of 247 into a Unionist majority of 354 in the Ashburton Division of Devon

Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Pole-Carew

Who converted a Radical majority of 91 into a Unionist majority of 41 in the Bodmin Division of Cornwall

UNIONIST VICTORS OF THE WEST COUNTREE

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. J. W. Spear, M.P.

Who converted a Radical majority of 227 into a Unionist majority of 390 in the Tavistock Division of Devon

Balfour's Astute Leadership

For Mr. Balfour to have put Tariff Reform first this time, when ninety-nine Conservatives out of a hundred are far more concerned with the Radical designs on the Constitution, would have been a blunder worse than a crime. The Referendum policy it was that *saved the party from utter defeat.* That it was that won the seats and reduced the Radical majorities in Lancashire and Cheshire, the redeeming feature of the elections so far as the Conservatives are concerned. Without those gains the party would have had a series of net losses. Mr. Balfour has brought his party back to Parliament intact, where clumsy leadership might have brought it to ruin, and the bulk of Conservatives know that far too well to worry themselves about the *Morning Post*, which, with all its daring and originality, can hardly claim nowadays to represent the politics of the "upper ten."

The True Tory Creed

The claim that Tariff Reform alone would have won the election is dissipated directly one looks at the results of those contests where its Simons Pure have fought. Where is Professor Hewins, where Mr. Amery, where Mr. "Will" This, Mr. "Sam" That, Mr. "Jack" the other (I mean the Unionist working-men)? At the bottom of their various polls, whereas ordinary Tories, the young noblemen, and the military officers, people who have stood for the Constitution (those, for instance, whose photographs appear on this page), have won. It is time we realised that the Tory creed is a Constitutional and not merely an economic one. Statistics and sociology are winning nowhere, while broad, sane patriotism is winning in the most unlikely places. The Bystander's advice (and it seems the correct thing nowadays for newspapers to "advise") is for Conservatives to stick to the true colours — Crown, Constitution, Fleet, Union, Land, and all that sort of thing. Let the Radicals pander and play to the gallery. The gallery soon gets tired, and when it wants a change from Radicalism, it wants true Conservatism and nothing else.

Victories in the West

What has gone wrong with the Radicals way down in the West Countree? Devon and Cornwall have yielded Unionists no fewer than six gains: Plymouth (2), Bodmin, Torquay, Tavistock, and Ashburton. This, next to the overturn in Lancashire and Cheshire, must be giving the Government cause to cogitate. Granted that the gains generally have been more or less evenly divided over the whole country, this turnover in two localities notorious for their proud and sturdy British independence, is rather significant. Three of the victors, by the way, are soldier-men, to wit, General Pole-Carew, Captain Morrison Bell, and Colonel Burn, to each of whom The Bystander's respectful salute.

"Ulster Will Fight!"—and all that sort of thing

IRELAND'S FIERCEST FOE TO IRISH HOME RULE

One of the busiest and most-sought-after political and legal luminaries of the day is Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P. At one moment you read of his deliverance of a brilliant political speech, next of his appearance for Miss Knollys in her successful libel action, next of his pointed evidence before the Divorce Commission, and last, but not least, of his sporting challenge to Mr. Asquith to come out and debate Home Rule with him in the open. He is an Irish patriot of the best type, and Unionism owes him much—and will, doubtless, owe him more

A SPEAKING CARICATURE OF THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON, K.C., M.P.

BY STARR WOOD

Rival Salomés

I popped in at the two performances to compare Mmes. Ackté and von Rappe, the rival Salomés who danced before Herod last week, and suppose I must plump for Ackté, from the mere entertainment point of view. She sings better, dances better, and puts more *diablerie* into the part. Von Rappe is, however, probably the truer to such historical fact as happens to hang to the heroine at all. She gives us rather a lady-like impersonation, and *her* Salomé is one who wouldn't really have done it herself, as it were, but was positively goaded into it, etc. But as the Salomé we have before us is not an historical personage, but the creation of Oscar Wilde, I suppose the best Salomé is she who comes nearest to the latter's ideal, and that, apparently, is Ackté.

The Demand for the Head

If, as it is to be hoped, *Salomé* gets into the grand season's bill at Covent Garden (during the nights not booked for *Butterfly* and *Bôhème*), I do hope the censorial Herod will let *us* have the head of John on the charger. He may be persuaded that drama and opera are two distinct things; that what is horrible in the one is not horrible at all in the other. It is a truism to say that morals are out of place in opera, which has three essentials: passion, passion, and again — passion. Opera-goers do not go into the ethics of any opera, for if they did there is hardly a single operatic heroine worthy of a *prima donna* who would escape with a shred of reputation. That there's something wrong with the lady is a primary essential to her being in opera at all, and the shadier she is, probably the better opera she makes. Salomé is worse than shady. She is unspeakable. Result: *Salomé* is an excellent opera. Nobody watching her manœuvres with the Baptist's head, is in the least misled into believing that anything of the kind really happened in history. Opera is a kind of artistic fourth dimension, in which we lose all sense of fact and logic, morals and religion. Mr. Redford must let us have the head. It will, as a matter of fact, be *less* repulsive, as well as more artistic, than the bloodstained platter.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

The Other Salomé

Fraulein Signe von Rappe, who gave an interesting alternative reading of the part at Covent Garden on Saturday week last, while Mme. Ackté was resting. Her rendering of the *rôle* of Salomé is considered more refined and historically plausible, but less fascinating than that of the latter

Festivities Indeed

Do you intend spending Christmas and the New Year at the restaurants, gentle sir? Because if you do, all sorts of things are being prepared for you. At one of the restaurants you are to be regaled with a Christmas-tree; at another you will have carols sung to you; and at a third you will be amused with moving pictures. If you are good you may have a doll or a cracker given to you at another fashionable resort, and altogether all sorts of wonderful things are being organised in your honour—that is to say, if you will pay the price.

The Price of Coronets

The same silly old story about jewelled coronets is being revived in papers which ought to know better. Did you read the other day that Lord Rosebery wanted to spend £600 on his coronet, but was not allowed to by the Earl Marshal? How fatuous such statements are. I really should have thought that everyone knew that coronets—quite smart ones, too—are to be got for £16. These seldom used headgear are not made of solid gold, but of silver gilt, and the balls that surround them are made of silver, and are not really pearls of great price.

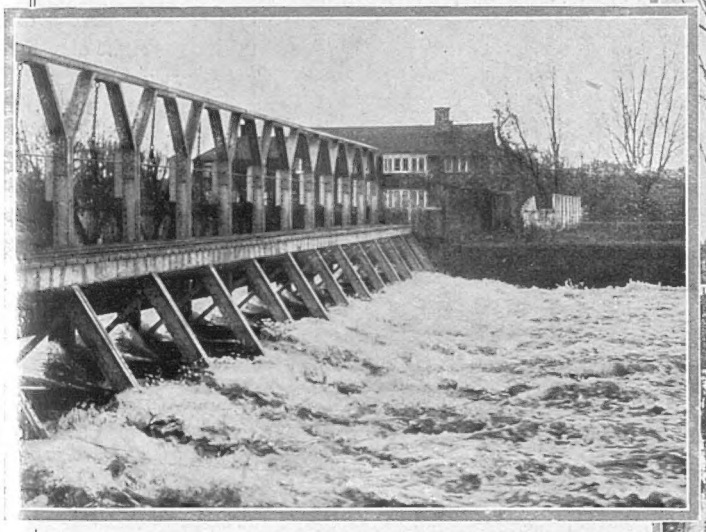
Marked Nobility

The lady journalists I spoke of last week have now marked Olympia for their own, and every Sunday afternoon will stand in the doorway and scribble down the names of the various somebodies as they arrive. Some of the latter look as though they would wish to escape notice, for many tales are told of the reproof that has been administered for skating on Sunday, and I have also heard that more than one M.P. risked losing his seat in Parliament for taking the floor on a Sunday afternoon or evening. So, after all, you see there is some danger in the presence of the lady journalists. The most amusing part of the whole thing is that some of these worthies write for some of the most rabid Radical papers, who ought to be far above chronicling the frivolities of mere peers and peeresses from the backwoods.

"Dam the Flowing Tide"

IS THE VAIN CRY OF THAMES-SIDE RESIDENTS

Deserted Villas at Wargrave, near Twyford, where the Thames has Overflowed its Banks



The Thames in Flood: A Photograph taken at Marsh Mills, near Henley, last week

Another Deserted House at Wargrave, a Fashionable Riverside Resort

Yet More Deserted Villas at Wargrave

The rainfall in the Upper Thames Valley has been heavier than in London, and in spite of the splendid arrangements of the Thames Conservancy the river has flooded out many riparian residents. Every weir on the river was opened in good time and the water allowed to escape seaward at a tremendous pace. The officials attending to the weirs have been up day and night

The Next "Battue"

The great shooting-party of this week is that which assembles on Saturday at Warter Priory, the residence of Florence, Lady Nunburnholme. Among the party are to be found the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord Annaly, and others who travel about the country from house to house at this time of year.

Shooting in the Deluge

The rain has played sad havoc with the various shooting-parties of the past few days. High winds have caused the birds to fly like lightning, and more apologies have been heard for missing a shot than for many seasons past. Another thing, too, pelting rain has kept the ladies at home, and the luncheon-parties have not been graced by their presence. When the ladies have joined the guns they have donned the shortest of short skirts, the thickest of thick boots, and the most comfortable of gaiters. As a rule, one beat has proved sufficient for the lady spectators, who have then retired helter-skelter to the shelter of the house. Later in the afternoon they have donned many marvellous confections in the way of teagowns.

Another Gift-Book Coming?
Princess Patricia of Connaught taking photographs in the forest at Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi

Sweet Charity

Killing two birds with one stone (*alias* cheque)—a time-honoured proceeding always—was much in evidence in Mayfair last week. Charity functions broke out in a new place, and took the form of bazaars, doll-shows, sales, and "At Homes," to which you were inveigled, not only by the great big names of the ladies who had promised to "stand and serve," or the great big houses in which they were to stand, but also by the prospect aforesaid of being able, at one go, so to speak, to discharge two disagreeable functions—(1) buy Christmas presents, and (2) benefit a (more or less) deserving charity.

At Norfolk House

For the first time, I believe, on record, Norfolk House was opened for a sale of Christmas presents. The Duchess was there each day, bright and cheery and indefatigable as ever, and, as usual at Howard functions, the nursery element was much to the fore, the little blue-smocked Earl of Arundel, calm and unmoved, the centre of an admiring crowd, and the fair-haired, chubby-cheeked Lady Rachel Howard (they are both charming children), lost to the world in rapt contemplation of an exceedingly plain doll clad in scarlet.

In the Seats of the Mighty

Norfolk House itself, like most of the ducal houses, is really appallingly ornate. The sale was held in the great drawing-room, with its eight windows looking out over the St. James's Square, and—well, I really never did see all together such quantities of red velvet, gilding, and huge mirrors. Its *châtelaine*, however, is the very simplest of great ladies, a little brusque in manner, perhaps, but with the kindest of hearts, that infuses into the atmosphere of all her houses an air of good-fellowship markedly absent from many other big establishments.

La Dame Aux Camelias

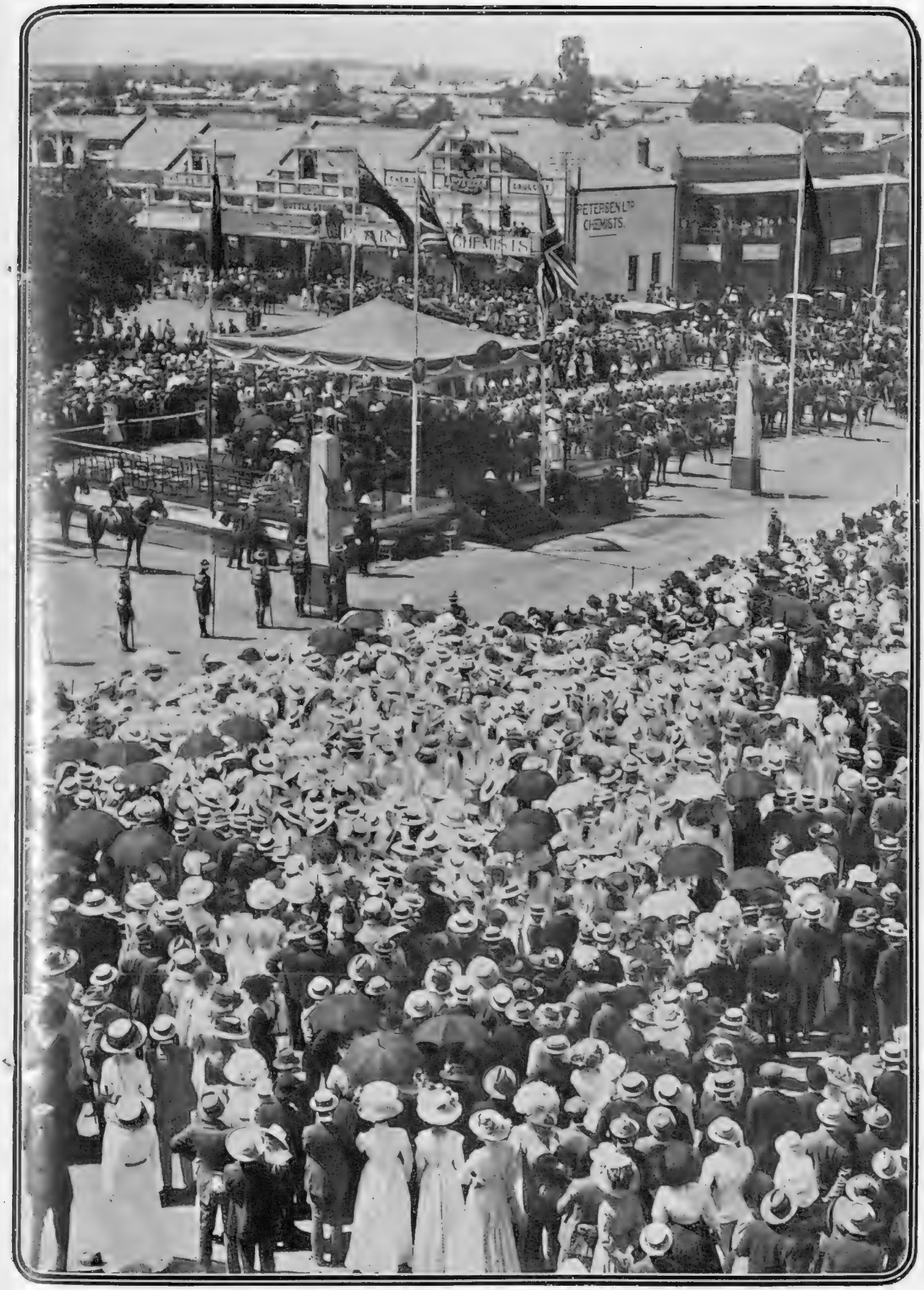
At Olympia last Sunday a daring young lady, not unknown in the great world, created a mild sensation by wearing (in the approved fashion of the moment, *i.e.*, one in her hat, one under her right ear, and another on her muff) not white, but red camelias. The most consistently favoured "button-hole" of the Society woman, however, is the carnation, with its expensive simplicity and brilliant colourings. And so there was a great muster for the winter show of the Carnation Society at the Horticultural Show last week, when a great purple and rose-pink "Salomé" and a deep-flame orange "Elektra" proved the very last cry in the way of attractions to a crowd which might have described themselves—like the present Earl Spencer—as "not agricultural labourers."

Britain Honours Mme. Curie

Apropos of the remarks made in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER concerning the omission of the French scientific authorities to reward Mme. Curie for services rendered to the world by her discovery of radium, it is interesting to note that the Royal Society of Arts recently awarded her the signal honour of the Albert Medal. Although it is the custom for His Majesty to bestow this medal with his own hand, in this case it was not possible, and it was transmitted to the British Ambassador in Paris, who, a few weeks ago, presented it to Mme. Curie. Thus a prophetess has secured honour once more outside her own country, and it is to be hoped that the French Academy will repent of its decision and follow the British lead.

The Magnet of Royalty

ALL BLOEMFONTEIN FLOCKS TO SEE THE KING'S UNCLE



A most enthusiastic, popular welcome was accorded to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bloemfontein. Addresses were presented in the market square—the scene is depicted above—and one hundred Basuto Princes offered homage. The Duke was presented with a Basuto pony, which, of course, he will ride in the Row; and the Boss Basuto received a fur overcoat, thus satisfying a long-felt want. One is reminded of the British Government's present of a motor car to the Grand Llama of Tibet! Who is it thinks of these things? *[Ernest Brooks Photograph]*

RIVIERA NOTES AND PROSPECTS

NEWS FROM MONTE CARLO, NICE, CANNES, CAP MARTIN, AND MENTONE

(By Our Own Correspondent)

Slack, So Far

Monte's season is uncommonly slack so far, and a familiar face is quite difficult of discovery. Sir George Chetwynd hovers round the *trente-et-quarante* tables as usual; one of the Ephrussis is among the punters; Lord and Lady Mar make their usual afternoon descent; and the Agha-Khan, in wonderful white-topped boots, was much in evidence until the rain drove him off to India. The Sporting Club is open, and this year one can lose or win at baccarat as well as at the Monte Carlo specialities, while the new restaurant should prove very popular, for it is not too dear, and it is excellent. Ciro has been open for some time, but the weather has done him no good. This year he transports his customers from the restaurant to the Casino in a sumptuous automobile. All the hotels are now ready—and waiting for "guests." The Métropole has been done up throughout, and looks very smart. Mr. Trüb has every right to be proud of it.

The Building Craze

Nice is what the hotel-keepers call *très calme*—a little *trop calme* some people think, though really it is about time that the Riviera generally began to realise that its season proper begins after Christmas and ends at Easter. Every year one hears just the same grumble at this time—and very year the Riviera grows more prosperous. At any rate, more people visit it each year, and the builder is ever at work. Every year new hotels, new restaurants, new casinos, and new theatres are opened, and none are closed! Funnily enough, the hotels that are doing the best these slack days are those that are perched on the heights of Cimiez. At the Winter Palace, for instance, there are quite a number of people, though as a rule the hotel never expects to be at all full until after Christmas. So well has the Winter Palace been doing that they mean to enlarge it next year. It will be indeed a disaster if the building craze is not checked. Imagine the Riviera a wilderness of streets!

The Sunny Chief of the Sunni Sect looking for the Sun at "Sunny" Monte

You may not have known that there is a Sunni sect of Mahomedans. It regards its chief, Agha-Khan, as a demi-god. Behold His Sunniness above (with straw hat) seeking warmth at Monte Carlo

Latest from Cannes

There has been practically nothing doing at Cannes these past few days. The Casino is open, theatre and all, but there has been no play worth talking about, and, of course, the golf links are impossible. Mr. Ruhl is making splendid progress with his new Carlton Hotel, which is going to teach Cannes a real lesson in modernity. It will be a sumptuous place, and should be packed all the season through. Mr. Ruhl, by the way, is making a sort of "trust" of that part of Cannes where his new hotel is, for he not only runs the Casino close by, but the Cercle Nautique as well. The Union has disappeared, or, rather, it has become a private villa, and there are few left to bemoan its loss. With the Nautique and other casinos Cannes people have quite enough rendezvous.

Christmas at Cap Martin

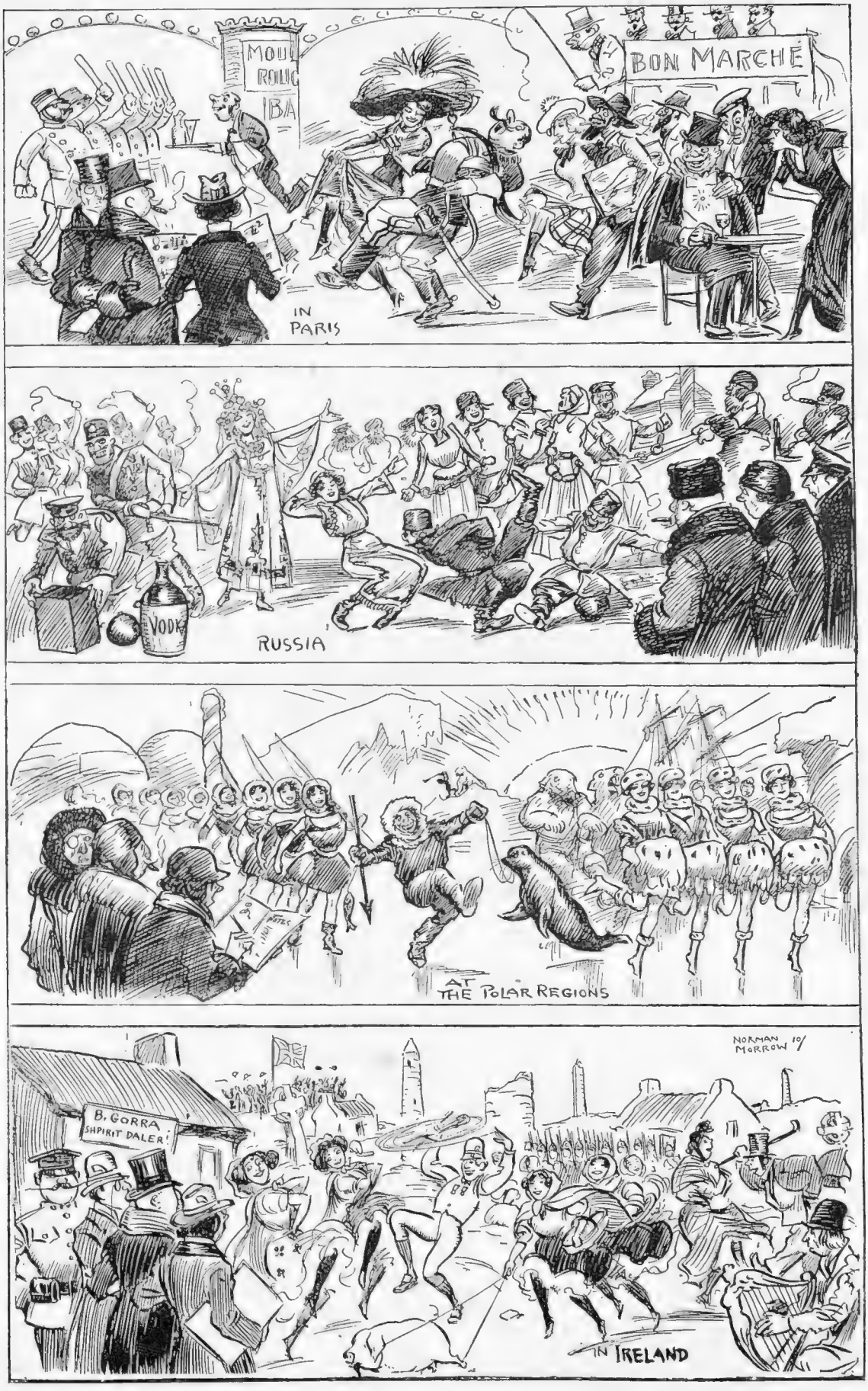
Cap Martin, the exclusive, has two new additions to its villas—Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's "La Dragonnière" and Mr. Clarke's new house, which is to be ready soon after the New Year. The King of Würtemberg and the reigning Prince of Saxe-Meiningen are coming to the Cap Martin Hotel after Christmas. There are already a good many visitors at this hotel—more than usual for this time of year.

A Disaster at Mentone

"*Menton privé d'eau*" was the headline to a paragraph published in a local daily the other day. "*Heureux Menton!*" remarked a disconsolate Nice *restaurateur* to me as we watched the rain pouring down on the Promenade des Anglais. But Menton really was deprived of water, for the road between Monaco and Cobbe Roquebrune gave way, and, incidentally, choked the water conduit. Moreover, the road was so knocked about by the rain that some of it toppled over on to the railway line. But let us hope that by the time these lines of THE BYSTANDER see the light the South will be sunny again.

Through Musical-Comedy Glasses

"FOREIGN PARTS" AS THE MODERN IMPRESARIO SEES THEM



Messrs.——and——with Signor——have, we are told, left for "Foreign Parts" to obtain material for a new Musical Comedy. Mr. Norman Morrow imagines that they will see the lands they visit in the above notoriously accurate and picturesque phases

A Christmas Grumble

By FREDERICK FENN

I loathe the merry festal board,
Surrounded by a gleeful horde,
Who want "tips" which I can't afford,
At Christmas.

I hate the blatant greasy goose,
Or turkey, grinning in its juice,
With all the evil fare let loose,
At Christmas.

I see no fun in Christmas-trees
And all the foolish things that please
A crowd of silly he's and she's
At Christmas.

I only think about the cost
Of beastly snow and horrid frost;
Their beauties all on me are lost,
At Christmas.

It possibly may be that I'm
No longer young. There was a time
When I enjoyed a pantomime
At Christmas.

But now the thought of Drury Lane
Gives me an agonising pain;
I never mean to go again—
At Christmas!

I always hate my fellow-men,
But more particularly when
Their follies come within my ken
At Christmas.

For all my patience disappears
When they bawl carols in my ears.
The postman's knock fills me with fears,
At Christmas.

The scoundrel only comes and fills
My letter-box with bitter pills,
For all my Christmas cards are bills,
At Christmas.

A branch or two of spikey holly
Do not incite me to be jolly;
They only make me melancholy,
At Christmas.

And if I chance to walk below
A silly piece of mistletoe,
I shall not get a kiss, I know,
At Christmas.

When driven out to seek my grub,
I find no cronies at the club;
There's scarce a waiter there to snub,
At Christmas.

It may be I am getting old,
For many years have o'er me rolled.
Warm greetings only make me cold,
At Christmas.

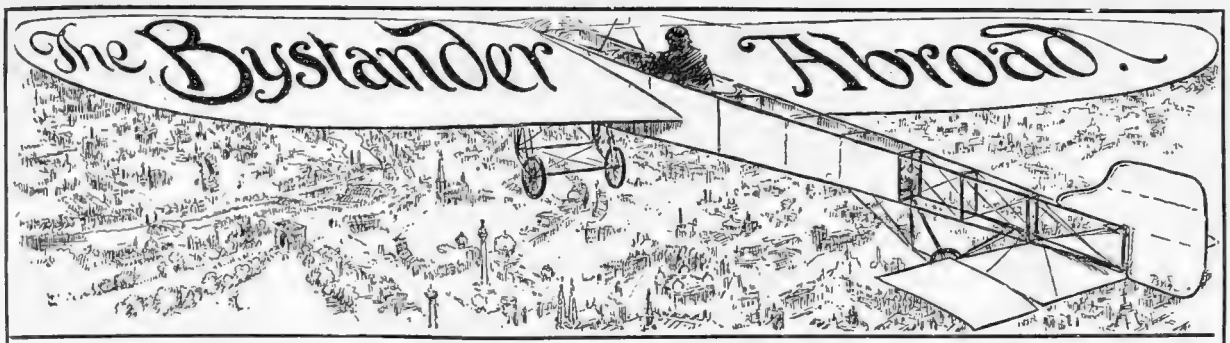
Close down the windows, bar the fog,
Throw on the fire another log,
And let me sip my lonely grog,
At Christmas.

BROOKLANDS LIVES UP TO ITS NAME

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Automobile Track at Brooklands Under Water

The overflowing of the Wey, owing to the heavy rains of recent days, has caused the flooding of the Brooklands track. The finishing straight is entirely under water. Brooklands, it seems, has been happily named



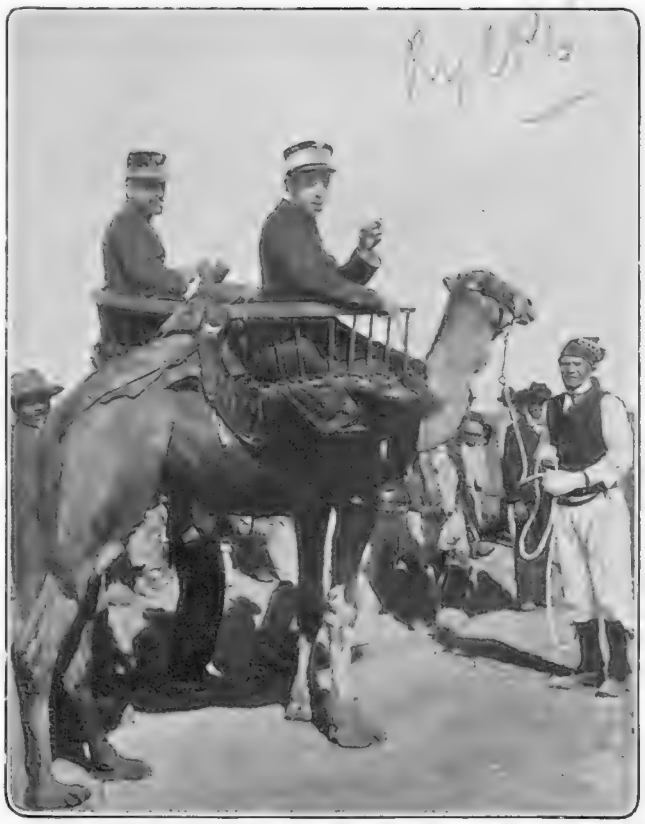
The German Press on Herr Austen, Herr Chamberlain, and Herr George: The Origin of "Lord Churchill's" Peerage: Sir Arthur John Balfour as a Home Ruler: And Many Other Merry "Howlers"

The Wisdom of Berlin

A German friend reproaches the Berlin Bystander with being a member of an insular race, alien to the cosmopolitan culture in which his own countrymen so brilliantly shine. Germans, he adds, know France and England as well as they know their own country. They are experts on Shakespeare, on the Suffragette movement, on Portsmouth's forts, on the production of imitation Kent-grown hops. At this eulogium the Berlin Bystander gave an incredulous chuckle. To-day he admits he was wrong. For the Berlin and provincial Press is full of our General Election, and after studying its columns the most intransigeant British patriot could not fail to admit the German's omniscience.

The Nationalist-Unionists!

Particularly, the newspapers are strong about our distinguished public men. "In East Worcestershire," says a news agency which feeds the omniscient German's thirst for knowledge, "Herr Austen and Herr Chamberlain have been elected unopposed. They are respectively Unionist and Conservative." To this it appends the unchallengeable statement that at Cork Messrs. O'Brien and Healy defeated the Redmondites, William Redmond and Roche. Lest a German, unversed in Irish electoral subtleties, be puzzled, the editor adds an illuminating note: "The victors belong to the new-born Nationalist-Unionist party, which rejects Home Rule, but desires the development of Ireland on Nationalist lines." And he talks of the Foreign Minister as "Lord Grey," describes the new Member for Sutherland as "Mr. Hamer Greenwolde," and with "Lord Walter Runciman" ends a brilliant Liberal constellation.



The Camel has the Hump, but King Alfonso—Never!
King Alfonso mounted on a military camel which went through the Melilla campaign

Balfour as a Home Ruler!

But it is Mr. Balfour who is apparently England's most famous man, for every omniscient German spells it right, and differs only as to whether it is "Aubrey J.," "Alfred James," or "Sir Arthur John." Although the unsophisticated English voter takes Sir Arthur John on trust, the more historic-minded German has some unpleasant facts about his dark past. "Now a staunch Conservative," says Herr Beyer in a Munich paper, "he was not always so. He began as an ardent Liberal, and even occupied the Home Rule post of Irish Secretary." But Germans, says Herr Beyer, will not be shocked at such coat-turning. "Changes of party take place daily in England. The next month may see fifty Liberals seceding from Mr. Asquith on the House of Lords question, and this will make it difficult for Mr. Asquith to carry his policy."

Lloyd George as a Conservative!

Despite such Radical perfidy, German experts find in Cabinet Ministers some redeeming traits. They are particularly nice about Lord Winston Churchill. His life-history, as written by a Cologne authority named Knipper, makes excellent reading, and ought to be circulated as proof of political consistency among Lord Winston's constituents. "Lord Churchill," says Herr Knipper, "has a perfect right to assault the House of Lords, as he owes his peerage not to his overweening ambition, but to the accident

Continued on page 632

The Centre of the Ancient World as

The Road to Jericho

Once one of the most flourishing cities of Palestine, Jericho is now a shapeless ruin

A Street in Tiberias

In the time of Our Lord, Tiberias was the principal city in Galilee. After the destruction of Jerusalem it became the seat of Rabbinical learning

Filling Water-Bottles from the Lake of Galilee

This lake of Northern Palestine is thirteen miles long by six broad. The River Jordan runs into it. Its waters are cool, clear, and sweet

St. Stephen's Gate, Jerusalem

There are eight gates in the walls of Jerusalem, seven open and one closed. St. Stephen's Gate is one of the open ones, and is so called because it is near the site of the stoning of St. Stephen. It is also called the "Gate of My Lady Mary"

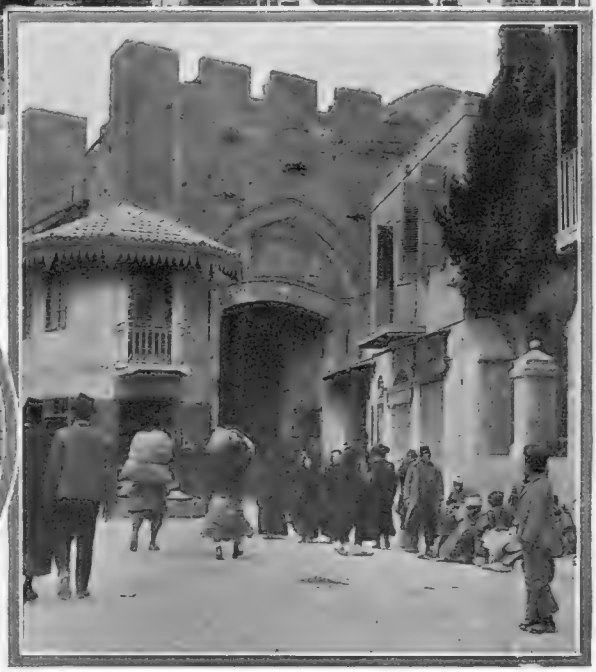
It is To-day: Scenes in the Holy Land

The City of Tiberias

One of the most picturesque cities in Palestine

Bathing in the Dead Sea

The water is as blue and clear as the Mediterranean. Owing to the great specific gravity of the water, the bather can hardly sink



A Gate at Jaffa

Famed in the past as the Crusaders' great landing-place, but now chiefly connected with oranges

The Approach to Gethsemane

Gethsemane was a small farm or estate at the foot of Mount Olivet, somewhere on the east slope of the Kedron Valley, and rather more than half a mile from Jerusalem. It was here that the "Agony in the Garden" took place

(Continued from page 629)

that he is son of a late Duke of Marlborough, who in his day was a brilliant statesman. Lord Churchill and Herr George are at once the strength and the weakness of Liberalism. Their careers are uncommonly alike. Both started life as ardent Conservatives; but when unstable Wales went over from the Conservatives to the Liberal faith, the two comrades and allies went with it."

Another Election this Month!

Naturally, Germans, being so well-informed about British personalities, have theories of British politics which are worth lending ear to. A gentleman who lectures at Leipzig suggests that "*Der Brite* is not half so anxious for a settlement as he pretends. He loves conflict. Not only is it, therefore, certain that there will be a second General Election *this year*, but there will probably be *a third*. *Der Brite* will postpone the Coronation rather than leave unsated his immemorial thirst for downing his opponent with sophistries and rotten eggs. Three elections in one year would constitute a record. But *der Brite* is himself a record."

Prince and Princess August Wilhelm of Prussia: A New Portrait

Prince August Wilhelm is the fourth son of the Kaiser. He will be twenty-four next month. His wife was Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein

Smith and George in the Same Cabinet

And he proceeds to give wisdom-seeking Leipzig certain alternative issues of the political Armageddon: "The new Parliament may get King George to sign a Home Rule Bill without submitting it at all to the House of Lords. That would be revolution. But the times are revolutionary. The once stable and unshakable *Brite* has turned his ancient character inside out. Whether Liberals or Conservatives prevail, the omnipotent Redmounde will be Secretary for Ireland. Probably, after years of struggle, the result will be like this: There will be a non-party Prime Minister, with a Cabinet composed of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and other members of the Conservative, Liberal, and Nationalist parties, *pro rata*. An agreement will be come to to make no changes in the Constitution, on condition that the Lords throw out no more Budgets. Such an agreement would, of course, baulk the *Brite's* thirst for political combat; but it would also satisfy his innate hatred of change." After such facts and predictions, who will deny that my German friend is right—that Germans have the best news of our politics, the best plans of Portsmouth, the prettiest portraits of militant Suffragettes, and the most delusive made-in-Germany Kent-grown hops?

That Offer!

The German Chancellor's references in the Reichstag to England throw a somewhat new light on the question of the alleged offer made by England to Germany with regard to the restriction of naval armaments. No tangible or concrete propositions, according to the Chancellor, have ever been made on the part of this country; but what is interesting in the Chancellor's statement is that the German Foreign Office regards the problem of the restriction of naval armaments by the two countries in question as involving a number of political and economic considerations. I can add to the Chancellor's statement that the German Foreign Office has always regarded the matter as one that can only be solved with the concurrence of France and Russia. Germany has her double standard policy just as we have. Wedged in between Russia and France, who are allied against her, she has to provide not only an army which can cope with them, but also a navy sufficient to protect her overseas trade if need be, for she can no longer rely on Austria-Hungary owing to the strained relations between the two parts of the Dual Monarchy.

The Kaiser as a Bagman

The German Chancellor, though not a brilliant man like his predecessor, seems now to give his Imperial master satisfaction. Germans are thankful for a period of calm after the emotional times of Prince Bülow's restless term of office. However, the Kaiser is not letting the grass grow under his feet, and he is now arranging to pay a visit to Spain in the spring. Germany's premier commercial traveller is going there for business.

Music Seen and Not Heard

No. 3.—"1812." (TSCHAIKOVSKY)

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is a pathetic thing, in a way, to think that King Manuel should be reduced to taking a house at Richmond. No reflection upon Richmond, of course, which is a nice suburb with nice people in it, and the river, and the park, and so forth. Boats from a shilling an hour.

* * *

Plenty of kind-hearted Richmond hostesses will be only too ready to extend their hospitality to a young man who has merely been unfortunate. No prejudice there against a King as such. Mr. Keir-Hardie is not a resident of Richmond.

* * *

No, the pathetic thing is that a man who has ruled a kingdom should be reduced not merely to live in exile, but to fill in—as Manuel will undoubtedly have to do—Form IV.

* * *

"The realism of *Salome* is what grips one," a contemporary declares. Or—in other words—its palpitating Ackté-ality.

* * *

Those Irish elections! Once again they have proved—beyond all doubt—that we English do not understand Ireland. Why should we—by means of our brutal police—have stopped those warm-hearted electors from slaughtering one another?

* * *

We imposed that Election upon them—or, rather, Mr. Asquith did. They did not want it any more than anybody else did. And then they were stopped from doing the only thing that would have made it tolerable—I mean throwing stones in large quantities at one another—by our priggish and tyrannical intervention. We shall be sorry for it some day.

* * *

It would be interesting to know if accounts are rendered to Mr. Patrick Ford and the other subscribers of the dollars of the way the money is spent. Items would surely be:

To 1 cwt. Court sticking plaster for general use of Nationalists ..... 1,000 dollars

To Mr. O'Dwyer—compensation for damages to nose, shirt, etc. ..... 50 dollars

To Mr. Watson—for loss of toe by bomb .. 15 „

* * *

Owing to the wet season, the manufacturers of photographic materials are said to have suffered considerably of late. But they can take heart again now. The return of Prince Olaf to this country is announced.

* * *

"An' me wiv a holler tooth, too!"
By H. M. Bateman

According to the *Evening News*, "The Telegram Game" is one in which all the players gather round a large table, and each writes down a telegraphic message, twenty minutes being allowed for this purpose. Personally, I find that I have to gather round a large counter, and, after writing down my telegram in one minute, have to wait twenty while the young lady players inside talk to one another.

* * *

It is not what I call a really good Christmas game.

* * *

A "ski" skirt—for use in Switzerland—is, I have been reading somewhere, a very useful present to give one's niece. Surely, however, it must be very difficult to persuade the young lady in the tailoring department that one is not a habitual stammerer?

* * *

Any Lover to his Lass

("*Woman still goes concealed. The enormous hat has gone, but the Turkish veil has come in.*"—DAILY PAPER.)

"She must be fair," I vowed; I blamed some sale
For that vast hat 'neath which you chose to slink;
Now you've exchanged it for a Turkish veil—
What is a man to think?

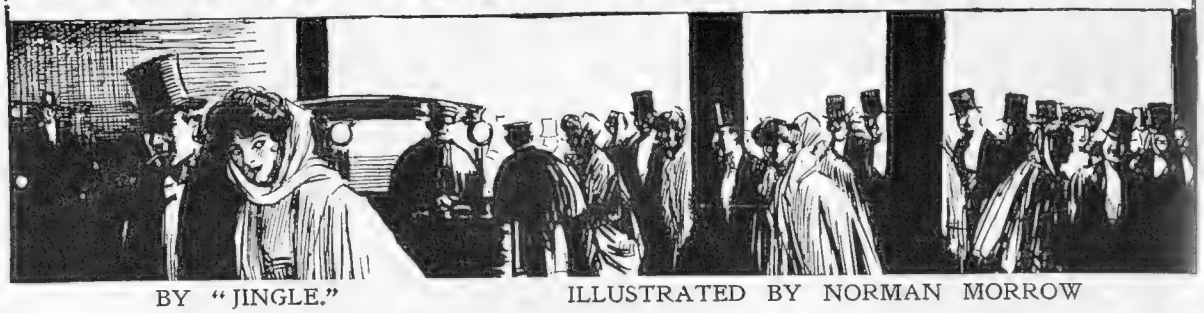
* * *

In the attempt to beat all records to New York and back the *Mauretania* is said to be carrying "twice the usual quantity of table-linen." The reason for this is not quite clear. There are times at sea when even a couple of table-cloths and two napkins apiece would not give some passengers a really record appetite.

The Amazons

A STUDY IN MODERN FEMININITY BY H. M. BATEMAN

London Nights Entertainments



BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

THIS is a nice play—from the schoolboy's point of view. And as that seems to be the only point of view from which it can be fairly considered, I have very kindly arranged with Time to turn backward in his flight, as the poet says, and to make me a child again, just for to-night.

* * *

YOU see, old Brant was Captain of the School. Jolly good chap, Brant; but, of course, he couldn't help being a bit swell-headed, because he was leaving school on account of his being eighteen, while most of the other chaps were only about fourteen or so. After dinner on Speech Day they were to give a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, by Lord Bacon of Verulam. The Head always would have it that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays; but, as I always say, what does it matter? I'm sure, if somebody discovered that Euclid had been invented by a chap named Smith it would have been just as horrid. I don't care so very much for *Romeo and Juliet* myself. I prefer *Macbeth*, because there's a lot of fighting and killing, and men in armour, and things like that. The Head's daughter was playing Juliet to old Brant's Romeo. She was a good sport, but, after all, she was only a girl, and you don't want people of that kind hanging about you on breaking-up day just when you have made up your mind to have a good time. You know all about *Romeo and Juliet*, don't you? There's been a row between the two families—they had probably lived next door to each other once—and so Romeo has to get married to Juliet on the sly, and after crying over each other in a soppy way for a long time, they die and get buried. Frightful rot, I call it. Now, in *Macbeth* you wind up with a torch-light procession, and you walk round, carrying old Mac's head on the top of a pole, and it's something lovely.

Sketched at the Gaiety Theatre by Norman Morrow

OF course, you wouldn't know, but Leonard—he was the second under-master, with an eyeglass and a lot of side—wanted to play Romeo himself because Rhoda was acting the girl's part. Oh, I forgot to tell you that Rhoda was the Head's daughter, and Leonard was awfully gone on her, although I could see in a minute that she wouldn't look at him. And Leonard kept on making cheeky remarks about old Brant, saying he was much too cocky, and all that kind of thing, and, of course, all the chaps took Brant's side. And by-and-by Brant went up and said to Leonard that in two more days he wouldn't be a schoolboy any more, but a grown-up man, and then if Leonard liked to come outside and take his coat off they would soon see who was the best fighter. I thought this was awfully fine, because I've never seen a real fight between a master and one of the big chaps; but it never happened the way we had expected. They had a bit of it in the class-room, but it left off just as it was beginning to be interesting. After old Brant had stood all the cheek he could take from Leonard he just went for him and punched him in the eye, and then the Head came in and spoilt the fun. He looked sad and solemn, and said that conduct of that sort could not be permitted at a school with great and noble traditions, and—but you know the kind of rot Heads always talk. They don't mean any harm, of course; but, then, they don't know the world as we chaps do. Anyway, poor old Brant was expelled, and was sent up to his room to pack. Jolly rough luck, I call it.

WELL, just as old Brant was sitting in his room making up a yarn to tell his pater, what should he come across but a lot of wigs and things that had been bought for the theatricals. Oh, I forgot to tell

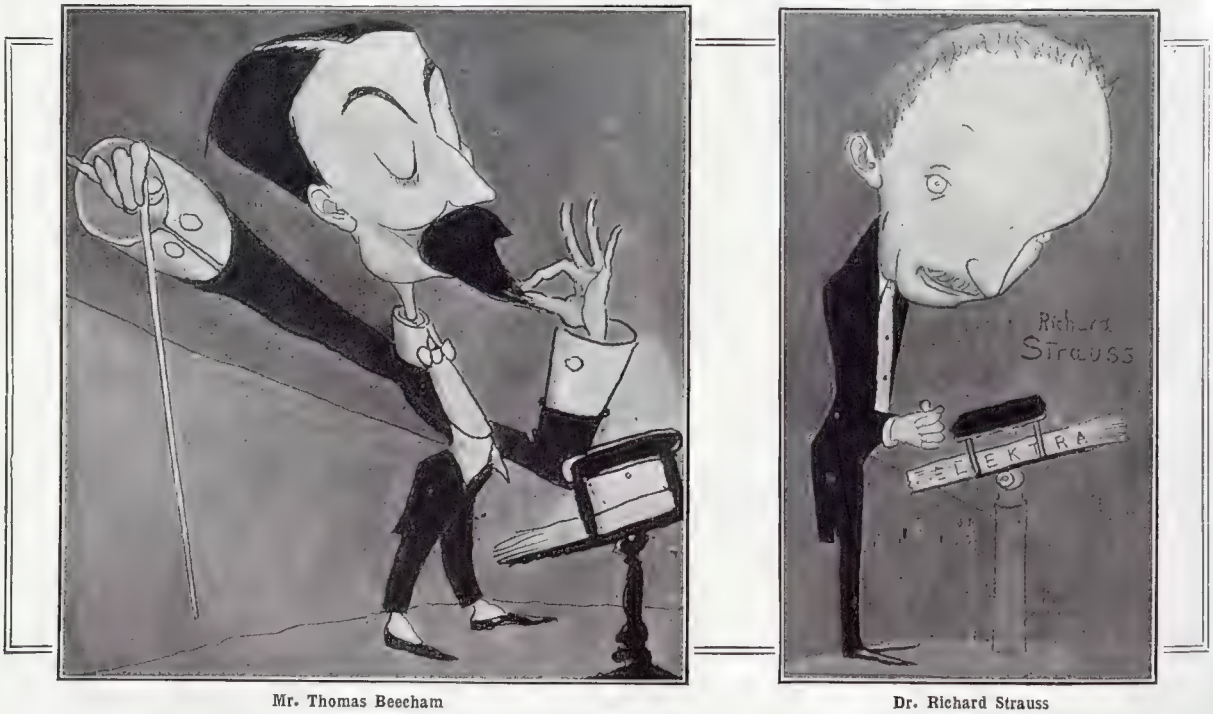
When We Were Fifteen, or Thereabouts

"The Captain of the School" seems to be frankly a play for boys, and Mr. Norman Morrow has, therefore, illustrated it purely from the schoolboy's point of view. Whether schoolboys on vacation will like to be too pointedly reminded of the trials and troubles of term-time remains to be seen

you that the Head was expecting a visit from Brant's uncle, an old chap who called himself a Professor of Anatomy—I don't know what that is; but I think we have quite enough to learn as it is without their inventing more things for us to worry about. Well, anyhow, as soon as old Brant saw all those wigs and things he thought he would have a lark. He put on a wig to represent an old bald head, and he gummed some long weepy whiskers on his cheeks to make himself look like a silly ass, so that everyone would take him for a Professor, and then he came down into the class-room, and, of course, everybody thought he was the real thing. He went up to Leonard, who thought he was certain to play Romeo now that Brant had been expelled, and said he would show him how to act, because he knew all that kind of thing, and he made Leonard look an awful idiot. He said Leonard was far too angular in his movements, just like all the angular Saxons. You probably won't see it; but it really is frightfully good. Of course, what old Brant ought to have said was "Anglo-Saxons," but he said "angular" because it sounds something like "Anglo," only it isn't really, and that's what makes it a joke. I laughed at it quite a lot myself.

OLD Brant made another good joke while he was pretending to be the Professor. He was coaching Rhoda in her part, and when she noticed what progress she was making she said, "It is a far, far better thing I do," and Brant at once had the presence of mind to reply, "It's the Only Way." I thought that was dreadfully smart, as it is taken from a play at the theatre I once went to see which was jolly good, because a lot of people had their heads chopped off, which, of course, made it very interesting. The Head never noticed that Brant was there all the time. He took him for his uncle, the Professor, and treated him to some of the best port, and some cigars out of a box. I expect old Brant wished afterwards that he had let the cigars alone, only, of course, he was too plucky to admit it at the time. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the real Professor was in love with the Head's sister. It doesn't matter much, anyway, because when people are old like that they've got no business to fall in love. But the great joke was that just as old Brant was in his room again getting himself dressed up better than ever, so that he could pass himself off as the Professor in the dining hall, the real Professor arrived, and came to Brant's room to dress. So I'll tell you what Brant did. He persuaded his silly old uncle to take off his things and sit in a dressing-gown for a while; and then Brant ran off with the old man's trousers—both the ones he had worn on the journey and the ones he was to have worn for dinner. This was, of course, a rippin' joke, because you can't come down to dinner without trousers. Everybody knows that. Pater says you oughtn't to talk so freely about trousers when you're writing for people to read it, but paters always try to think they're so much properer than other people, though, of course, it's only swank.

AND so the old Professor had to wait up in old Brant's room while Brant came downstairs and pitched into the good things, and the Head made a speech. He said how the school had been founded by somebody who had had the forethought to plant a lot of birch trees in the grounds as helps to learning or some silly nonsense like that. Of course, the chaps didn't think it was at all funny, but they pretended it was, as you always have to laugh at the Head's jokes. Well, just as old Brant was pretending to be the Professor and getting up to make a speech, who should come in but the real old Professor himself. He was in evening dress down to his waist, and after that he had a bath towel pinned round him like these tight skirts the girls are wearing just because it's the fashion to be uncomfortable. Of course, there was a great shindy at first; but old Brant apologised like a gentleman, and then he made a little "floreat" speech, and the chaps cheered and the curtain fell. JINGLE.



Mr. Thomas Beecham — Dr. Richard Strauss

AS SEEN BY A MEMBER OF THE COVENT GARDEN ORCHESTRA

Both gentlemen are once again very prominent in the public eye in connection with the production of *Salome*

(Drawn by Mr. Barton Wilkinson during a performance of "Elektra")

PRETTY PANTOMIME STARS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

THIS YEAR'S GALAXY OF BEAUTY

Photograph Dover Street Studios
MISS IRIS HOEY
Who is to play Cinderella at the Lyceum Theatre

PANTOMIME STARS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES—(*continued*)

MISS GLADYS IVERY
Principal Girl in "Boy Blue" at the King's Theatre, Sunderland

MISS PEGGY PRIMROSE
Playing Principal Girl in "King Cole" at Edinburgh

Photograph *Talma*
MISS CLARA BECK
Who plays Aladdin at the New Theatre, Cardiff

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
MISS ZOË GORDON
She plays Principal Girl first at Bournemouth, then at Southampton

Photograph *Hana*
MISS DAISY DORMER
Principal Girl in "Sinbad the Sailor" at Bradford

Photograph *Hana*
MISS DAISY MAY
Who plays Polly in "Robinson Crusoe" at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin

Photograph *Hana*
MISS DOROTHY CRASKE
Principal Boy in "The Forty Thieves" at the Court Theatre, Liverpool

Photograph] MISS JULIA JAMES *[Rita Martin*
Princess Dorothy in the Drury Lane Pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk"

Photograph *Hana*
MISS NELLIE WIGLEY
Principal Boy at the Princess Theatre, Glasgow

Photograph *Hana*
MISS JOSE COLLINS
Principal Girl in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester

Photograph *S. Watkin*
MISS CONSTANCE HYEM
Who is the Aladdin of Mr. Robert Arthur's Pantomime at the Kennington Theatre

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*
MISS ALICE POLLARD
Principal Girl in "Mother Hubbard" at Belfast

PANTOMIME STARS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

—(concluded)

Photograph Bacon

MISS CRESSIE LEONARD

Principal Boy in "Boy Blue" at Glasgow

Photograph Charles and Russell

MISS ADELA CRISPEN

Principal Girl in "Dick Whittington" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

Photograph Abraham

MISS MOLLY McINTYRE

Who plays Jill at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

Photograph Herbert Tear

MISS HETTY KING

Jack Horner at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham

Photo Talma

MISS LILLIAN LEE

Who plays Dick Whittington at Leeds

Photo Hana

MISS RUTH LYTTON

Reggie in "Mother Hubbard" Belfast

Photograph Sacks

MISS NELL EMERALD

Principal Boy in the Sheffield Pantomime

Photograph Bacon

HAPPY FANNY FIELDS

Principal Girl in "The Forty Thieves" at the Court Theatre, Liverpool

MISS JANE EYRE

Playing the Prince in "Cinderella" at the Lyceum Theatre

Photograph Langfier

MISS DOROTHY WARD

Playing in the title-rôle of "Jack Horner" at Newcastle

Bystander Short Story

HARTLEY'S ALIBI

By Margaret Larminie

MRS. RAVEN drew up the red blind and pushed the window open. Outside, a silent, deserted street greeted her—wind-swept and chilly; scraps of paper blew to and fro in the gutters like tiny ghosts. She crossed to the fire and stood warming her bare arms and hands, and staring at the clock on the overmantel. It was close on half-past one.

Hartley Raven a moment later entered the room and stood still at sight of his wife.

"Still up?"

"Yes." Mrs. Raven's eyes searched his face. "What's the matter?"

"I was merely surprised. It's rather late."

"I mean, what's wrong with you? Are you ill?"

"Ill? No. Why should you think so?" He crossed to her side and looked at himself in the glass. Then he laughed uncertainly. "I don't look the picture of health, do I? Not sunburnt? . . . Well, I'm going to bed. What on earth are you sitting up for?"

"Fun!" said Mrs. Raven. "Anyhow, I'm going now."

. . . . .

Hartley Raven left the house soon after breakfast the following morning, but in half an hour he was back again, and met his wife in the hall.

"Come into the library," he said, sharply.

She followed in silence. Standing there in the morning sunshine, his aspect suddenly terrified her.

"Oh, Hartley! what is it *now?*"

Her hands almost went out to his.

"It's something pretty bad, Cicely."

His white face, set in lines of stone, deep-cut furrows running down it, was turned towards the window—the light full upon it.

"Quickly!" whispered Cicely.

"Marjorie Lesdale's dead."

"Dead?" The fear in her eyes vanished swiftly; they grew hard and scornful. "Is that all?"

Hartley turned his head. "She's been—murdered! . . . . ."

"Oh! . . . . ." said Cicely, on a long breath.

He watched her. "I passed the house just now—or rather, I was going to pass—but when I reached it a gaping crowd and policemen surrounded the door. I made inquiries. She was shot. . . . ." He moved away, drawing a deep, shivering breath.

Cicely, hands pressing the back of the writing-table chair, stared after him. "Of course," she said, hesitatingly, presently, "I'm shocked—sorry—though I can't pretend I liked her—and I'm awfully sorry for Geoff and Alice. It's dreadful for them—Alice's private secretary . . . . But"—her eyes hardened afresh—"I think, considering the circumstances, it's a little tactless of you to come and—exhibit—your grief before me . . . ."

"'Considering the circumstances'!" echoed Hartley, dully. "That's just it. I've got to tell you what the circumstances were. . . . They tell me she must have died . . . . about 12.15 last night . . . ."

He paused so long that Cicely said, impatiently, "Well—well? What has that to do with the circumstances, I mean?"

"This," said Hartley, slowly. "I was with her all the evening."

Cicely's hands slipped off the chair back; she groped for it, her eyes on Hartley's face. "As I thought," she said, stonily. "Alice and Geoff safely away—Mrs. Lesdale all alone in the house. . . . You knew it . . . . and you went there. . . . . Do you suppose I didn't know the circumstances? I've known it ever so long—marvelled that others haven't known . . . Why *tell* me? Now she's dead, do you want me to go and weep over her and forgive her? . . . . ."

"Stop!" said Hartley. He came back to the writing-table and leant his hands upon it, leaning towards her. "You miss the point. The point is that Jevons let me into the house last night—and didn't let me out. . . . . Jevons doesn't know when I left. . . . . Jevons was fond of Mrs. Lesdale, and would be careful not to notice what time her visitors left. . . . Jevons might even—go to bed. . . . ."

Cicely shook her head slowly—uncomprehendingly. "These details," she murmured, her voice failing her, "don't interest me—hurt me——"

"*Cicely!*" cried Hartley, desperately, and caught her wrist. "Don't you realise how they affect *me?* . . . . They'll say I shot her . . ."

For a long time she stood there—straight and slim and white, her eyes fastened on his, her wrist limp under his fingers. At last, quite simply, she said—

"Didn't you?"

Hartley's hand left hers. "Do you think I did?"

"Yes."

"Good God above us!" said Hartley, and laughed.

Cicely's eyes remained unchanged. "Why not tell the truth?"

"I've told you the truth. I've told you I went there to see her, knowing Geoff and Alice were away. I'll tell you that I've been before, in similar circumstances. I daresay you knew I had. I was fond of Marjorie—that's superfluous too, I imagine. I don't pretend that I've been faithful to you. What inducement have I had to remain so . . .?"

After a time Cicely said, "Please go on."

"But I haven't been too much of a brute to her. I told you Jevons didn't see me go, but I went away at half-past eleven."

"Half-past eleven!" Cicely's eyes burnt scornful unbelief. "And reached home at half-past one. Five minutes' walk!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Yes," said Hartley wearily, "that's the awkward part. I left at half-past eleven, and walked for two hours."

Cicely laughed. "My dear Hartley! Find something better than that."

"The difficulty is I can't. I haven't an alibi. I spoke to nobody the whole time. In the London streets—whom can I produce as a witness?"

Cicely passed that over. "Might one ask what took you for your stroll?"

"I was unhappy," said Hartley.

"Really?" For the first time her eyes changed. "What can possibly have made you unhappy?"

Hartley sighed softly. "There's such a thing as remorse," he said impersonally. "Regret—penitence—longing—hopelessness—misery. . . ."

"All of which," supplemented his wife very smoothly, "culminated in the murder of Mrs. Lesdale."

Hartley stared at her. "You don't believe me?"

"No."

His hands lifted, and dropped at his sides. "My God," he said quietly, "how—funny." Presently, "That being so," he said, "what's to be done, I wonder?"

"Done?"

"I suppose I'd better sit here twiddling my thumbs till they arrest me."

"Arrest *you?*"

"Good Lord, Cicely, where are your wits? What have I been telling you but that they're bound to suspect me? I told the inspector myself that I was with her last night."

"Why did you do that?"

"I didn't think about the inference. One doesn't suspect oneself on these occasions."

"Doesn't one?" The inflection of her voice carried her meaning to him, and he laughed again. "I forgot," he said lightly; "I'm lying." He sat down and drew some papers towards him. "'The murderer was discovered at his writing-table, his anxious and horror-stricken wife at his elbow.' . . . I should think they'd be here pretty soon, Cicely. I should depart if I were you."

"What did you mean just now, when you said 'that being so?'"

"'That being so'? Oh, yes, I remember. I merely meant that if you didn't believe me you couldn't be expected to help me. . . . You'd better go, Cicely——"

"To help you? If I had believed, how could I have helped?"

"We—ell. There are those two hours to be accounted for. I thought we might have devised an alibi—somehow. . . . Do go, Cicely."

"What could we have done? I know nothing about alibis."

"Well, suppose that I left Mrs. Lesdale at eleven-thirty—which I did—and went straight home—which I didn't—where were you at—say—11.45?"

"In the drawing-room."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"The servants?"

"All gone to bed."

"Ah—h," said Hartley thoughtfully. After a time, "Well, when I got home, what did we do?"

"I should imagine," said Cicely slowly, "that, being late, we went to bed."

"Just so. To our respective rooms. Now, supposing I departed to my room at 11.45, that leaves ample margin for me to go out again and—shoot Mrs. Lesdale at 12.15 or thereabouts. Doesn't it?"

"Ample."

"So," said Hartley, "you could hardly swear that I didn't go?"

"N—no." She eyed him doubtfully.

"But," said he, suddenly husky, "if we left out 'respective' and said room instead of 'rooms' . . .?"

In the silence that followed a sharp knock and ring sounded through the house.

"Ah," said Hartley again. "Well, these are only suppositions, my dear wife. I think it would really be better if you went away."

A shaking hand was laid over his. "Room—not rooms, Hartley. . . ."

. . . . . .

"How is he?"

"No better." Hartley sank into a chair, staring wretchedly at the fire. "Poor old Geoff. Not a good man, Cicely—a bit of a villain, if you like—but a lovable one."

Mrs. Raven's hands went on with their stitching. "Goodness," said her clear, cool voice, "is not the most prominent characteristic of the Raven family."

Hartley sighed. "Well, damn it, they've got charity."

"They need it."

"I thought you liked old Geoff?"

"One can hardly help liking him. Unfortunately—or, perhaps, fortunately—one can like without admiring. And he has his good points. He's kind to Alice in most ways."

"Alice," said he, stiffly, "is rather kind to him."

"She's caught some of the Raven charity."

"I sometimes wish," he exclaimed, a little goaded, "you could be a bit infected by it."

"Naturally you wish it."

"Oh, you score—you score!" he admitted. "All along the line you're bound to score, thinking as you do. Though why in the name of hell you go on living with me, thinking that, passes my comprehension."

"I once offered you my help," said Cicely, impassively, her needle moving unfalteringly, "partly for my own sake, partly for your family's, a little for your own. You accepted my help, and it saved you. My reasons for helping you then are the same as my reasons for living with you now. It might have created fresh suspicion if I had left you as soon as you were acquitted. Besides, to be candid, I am very comfortable in your house."

Hartley whitened and caught his breath. "My God, I'm glad someone's comfortable," he said, and got to his feet. "I must go back to Geoff. Alice expects you later. But I'll send if there's any change."

He went away. And, as soon as the front door banged, Cicely flung her work aside and dropped on her knees by the chair he had sat in, burying her face in the cushion.

That evening, as they sat silently over their dessert, a note came for Mrs. Raven.

"Geoff's worse—a good deal—and wants to see me alone. I wonder why. But you'd better come across too; as things seem very uncertain, I'm afraid. Poor old Geoff—and poor Alice. . . . Things come to the wrong people. . . ."

(*Continued on page 646*)

A Comic Opera Gold Medallist

Photograph *Ernst Schneider, Berlin*

Countess Marie Labia, member of the Comic Opera in Berlin, who has appeared in the Court Theatre at Weimar, and has received the Gold Medal for Art and Science. She was appointed "Court Singer." In comic opera she has reaped enormous success in Berlin

(Continued from page 644)

Hartley laughed pleasantly as he rose. "Thank you, dearest!"

. . . . .

"Sit there, close to me." Geoffrey Raven held his sister-in-law's hand, gripping it nervously. She sat obediently in a chair near his pillow, leaving her hand in his—wondering a little what was coming.

Geoffrey stirred and spoke. "You and Hartley," he began, startling her by the aptness of his opening; "what's been amiss with you?"

"What do you mean, Geoff, dear?"

"Since—that affair—Mrs. Lesdale's death—something's been wrong. . . . Hasn't it, Cis?"

Cicely felt the need for caution. Geoffrey was admittedly near his death—but there was never any certainty. Truth was not possible.

Again his words ran in line with her thoughts. "I'm done for, Cis," he added, gently. "We can say anything now."

She pressed his hand. "You didn't send for me to talk about—Hartley and me. . . . What did you want to say?"

"I did, though, partly. I'm going to tell you some things—I want you to tell me some. . . . Isn't it true that things haven't been right between you—since then? I know Hartley pretty well—and I've seen."

"You say, 'since then.' It's been longer than that, Geoff."

"Has it? What went wrong? Tell me."

Cicely rested an elbow on the bed and propped her chin on her hand. "It's difficult to tell you. There was never anything definite, I suppose—just the usual hopeless drifting apart. We both had so many affairs and interests of our own—different paths to tread. . . . Hartley's like all the Ravens. . . . . *You* know, Geoff. I couldn't understand it—couldn't allow for it—condone it. . . . . I was right, in a way, of course; but one *must* have charity. . . . . I ought to have understood him better, helped him, loved him. . . . . I did love him. . . . ." Her voice broke.

"I know you did, poor child," said Geoffrey Raven.

"Not enough. We got apart somehow. There's no getting back."

"Isn't there?" Geoffrey's hand tightened on hers. "What about—that evidence of yours—at the trial—Hartley's alibi?"

The colour flooded her brooding face; she sat rigid, with drooped eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Geoffrey gently, watching her. "But there was that, wasn't there?"

"There was that," said Mrs. Raven.

"Cicely," said her brother-in-law, suddenly, "have you been believing all this time that Hartley shot Marjorie Lesdale?"

She looked at him with startled eyes. "How could I?—the alibi," she murmured.

"Never mind the alibi. Have you believed that?"

"Yes, Geoff," said Cicely.

"Do you believe it still?"

"I—don't know. . . . . There's been nothing to make me—disbelieve it—since."

"Then I'll give you something." With a sudden energy he raised himself on an elbow, facing her, his bright, sunken eyes glowing. "I shot her myself."

There was a light tap at the door, and Alice Raven put her head in. "All well?" she asked softly, smiled anxiously, and withdrew.

Cicely's eyes returned to Geoffrey's face. "Are you dreaming?"

He shook his head. "Not dreaming—no. . . . . Listen, Cicely. Hartley liked Marjorie—I'm bound to tell you, even if you didn't know it—loved her—for a time, anyhow. Well, so did I. . . . . You know—you say—what the Ravens are, and I'm probably the worst of a bad lot—as Hartley's undoubtedly the best. . . . I knew he cared for her—was fascinated by her—but I believed she was straight with me about him. I was too self-confident to be jealous, even. . . . Well, I came back that night—when Alice was away—and found Hartley there. I left them. But I went back again and I shot her. . . . Jealousy and rage, Cis—they'll make a devil of a man—an inhuman, irresponsible devil. . . . . The insolent, unsuspected treachery of it sent me mad, and I killed her! . . . . Hartley must have known. . . . ." He moved his head from side to side on the pillow. "I let him go to his trial, as you know—a brutal, cowardly thing to do, it sounds; yet—here's the odd thing—it *wasn't* cowardice; it was—Alice—Alice and the kid. . . . . You perjured yourself for Hartley's sake. I was ready to sacrifice him for Alice. It was a case of choosing between the two. I don't mean to defend myself; but Alice pulled the stronger, and the kid tugged behind her. . . . . Hartley had no son. . . . . I swear this, Cicely—that I'd have owned up if they had convicted him. But you stepped in and saved him—saved us all. I didn't know then whether you were telling the truth or not; but—it worked all right. . . . . But I've watched you since then, Cicely, and I've watched old Hartley, and I grew pretty sure you didn't believe in him, and that he knew it. So, now that my number's up, I thought I'd try to straighten out things for you two. It's a bad debt, I'm afraid. . . . . I can trust you not to tell anyone my pretty secret—for the sake of Alice and that little chap of mine. One needn't spoil their lives unnecessarily—Hartley's clear enough. The truth won't help him now. So I've told you simply for your sake and his—your happiness. . . ."

. . . . .

She found Hartley by the dining-room fire.

"Worse?" he asked, without moving.

"I'm afraid so."

"All the secrets finished?"

"All."

He looked up quickly and met her eyes—dark with pain and shame. "That nightmare over, Cis?" he asked, unsteadily.

She nodded dumbly, moved to the fireplace, and knelt beside it, warming her hands.

"Won't you speak to me?" said Hartley, miserably, puzzled and uncertain.

She knelt at his feet, hands pressed against her cheeks, eyes closed. "I'm too ashamed to speak, Hartley. Ashamed to speak—ashamed to look at you—to be near you. . . . . ."

"*Cicely!*" He put his hands on her shoulders, leaning over her. "*You* ashamed!" He twisted her round in his arms, put a hand under her chin, and turned her white face up to his. "Oh, my dear!" he said, huskily, "have I found you again?"

MARGARET LARMINIE.

The Rise of the Joke Artist

IN FOUR CHAPTERS

Chapter III.—Difficulty experienced by artist in impressing the point of a joke-drawing upon Early Victorian Editor and Sub-Editor

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Silent Guide

A MOORLAND PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. M. WHITEHEAD

Famous Hunts at Home

No. XXIV.—The Surrey Union

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Welcoming Followers of the Hunt at the Kennels

Left to right: Miss Barnard Hankey, Mr. Murray, Miss Hobson, Mrs. Aston, Mrs. Murray

Mr. Edward Murray (Master of the Surrey Union Foxhounds) with Mrs. Murray

THE Surrey Union hounds are kennelled at Great Bookham. Their quarters were built some ten years ago, and are of brick and corrugated iron. They are light buildings, and probably erected with the idea of making it possible to move them if desired. They are healthy, and consist of five lodging-rooms, with small yards, boiling-house, meal-house, three hospitals, a range of puppy-houses, and young hounds' kennel. The hunt stables adjoin the kennels, and are certainly not the best nor most convenient I have ever seen. The huntsman's house stands on rising ground above the kennels, and is a white, picturesque building, containing two or three additional rooms for the use of the Master when over at the kennels.

The pack consists of forty-eight couples, of which twenty-two couples are dog hounds. The dogs are, in my opinion, decidedly light of bone, which wants carrying down below the knee. When Mr. Murray succeeds in getting this he will greatly improve their looks, and straightness will, in all probability, follow. Their necks and shoulders are good, and they are nicely coupled-up hounds, with good chests, backs, and loins. Their feet, however, are much open to improvement, and Mr. Murray is also seeing to this. They have a good cry and plenty of drive, though when they learn to get their heads down more—as I think they will do after Povey has handled them a little—they will be a useful lot. The bitches, too, are light of bone—it is, in fact, the chief point of criticism in the entire pack. Their necks are good and shoulders nicely placed; but they are not straight, and their feet are by no means perfect. The introduction of a few larger-framed hounds as brood bitches would, I think, cause a great improvement. In work, they are really good, also in nose, tongue, and drive, and they are very fast.

It must not be gathered that because I allude to what I consider to be their shortcomings in shape that they are a useless pack—far from it, for the proof of all pudding is in the eating, and in this respect the Surrey Union catch and kill their foxes—which is, I take it, the reason for which hounds are kept. A perfectly shaped hound which won't hunt, and can't catch a fox, is no use to anyone; and it by no means follows that the handsomest hounds or those which shine on the flags at Peterborough are necessarily the best in their work. The principal strains of blood in the present pack are Belvoir, North Shropshire, and Lord Middleton's; and, as a whole, they show a good deal of tan colour. They are level, the dogs standing 23½ in. and the bitches 22 in. They hunt three days a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. On Tuesdays they hunt the low country by Charlwood, Ockley, and Cranleigh; on Thursdays they are partly on the hill country and partly on the low, in the Dorking district; on Saturdays they are in the Epsom district.

The Terrier Man with his Terriers

There are all sort of fences and plenty of timber, the fences being stake and bind on top of banks, and all with ditches. There are large woodlands on the hills, and plenty of grass in the low country; but it is chiefly a grass country, which carries a scent at most times, and hounds naturally travel fast. The fields number fifty or sixty, and on Saturdays more, and most of the followers are fairly well mounted, while some of the ladies are hard to beat across country. I am delighted to find so good a feeling existing between covert-owners, shooting tenants, and the hunt; and it is satisfactory to find that, with very few exceptions, is the Master prohibited from drawing right through the season. Foxes are plentiful and are preserved well; and I am pleased to record that only one day in the last five years has there been a blank. Sport promises well, and I deduce this from the fact that the hunt has a really good combination in the Master and huntsman, Albert Povey. The Master, huntsman, and first whip are all newcomers, and naturally at first difficulties face an entirely new staff. These are being rapidly overcome.

Mr. Murray was joint Master with Mr. Gordon Coleman in 1907, when the latter went abroad. Mr. Coleman still resides in the county, and is one of the greatest supporters of the hunt. When he resigned, at the end of the last season, Mr. Murray was unanimously elected by the Hunt Committee to be Master. He has hunted all his life, is a fine rider, and, as a rule, lives with his hounds. Keen on the breeding and everything connected with the hounds and hunt, he is always out, and always well mounted. Added to this, he has a tactful manner, a cheery individuality, and a quiet though firm command of the field. The Surrey Union have just the right Master, and a thoroughly good huntsman and staff. Sport of the right sort must consequently be the result.

Heads Well Down: The Surrey Union Hounds Feeding

Horse and Hound in Surrey County

The Surrey Union Pack, with some well-known Followers

Miss Barnard Hankey | Miss Hobson | Mrs. Aston

THREE LADY FOLLOWERS OF THE SURREY UNION

Hounds Coming Out to Exercise from Kennels with Master, Huntsman, and Whips

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

The Perennial Omar

By the time these words appear in print it will be four days before Christmas. That anyone will read or pay any attention to reviews of books until after the New Year I simply do not believe. You will have got all, or nearly all, your presents, both those you propose giving and those you receive from friends. You will be counting, for this has become a serious Christmas task, the number of Omar Khayyams you have received as presents. It is more blessed to receive Omar than to give. With a little ink-erasure you can pass some of them on next year, and thereby save a lot in books. Only you must not present Omar to the same person more than three years running. To begin, you can send the complete text, with a life of Edward Fitzgerald and Omar himself, and all the former's versions of the latter. Next year the "Omar Birthday Book" or "Thoughts from Omar for Every Day in the Year." And the year following, "Omar Khayyam," by Gilbert K. Chesterton. I don't know if Mr. Chesterton has issued Omar yet; but I am sure he will. All the English classics, according to publishers' advertisements, were written by Mr. Chesterton. It is no uncommon thing now to see "Vanity Fair by G. K. Chesterton." The words "with an introduction by" are either printed so small that they cannot be seen or they are omitted altogether. As our ancestors talked of Pope's "Homer," a younger generation will talk of Chesterton's "Omar."

An Appeal

I think we might have a change next year. If you have forgotten anyone this season, have exhausted Omar, or feel you must get something in the next four days, may I recommend a book in which I am financially interested? The Editor of THE BYSTANDER has given me permission to puff my own wares just for once. Don't be alarmed. I am not the author, though I plead guilty to playing Chesterton. I have written the introduction! For five shillings you may obtain from every respectable bookseller the play of *Salome*, by Oscar Wilde (Methuen). You get the original text in French, unmutilated and unbowdlerised. For any of your friends who are musical critics and cannot read French there is an excellent English translation (also unbowdlerised), published by Mr. John Lane for half a crown. The reason I make this appeal is not, as you might imagine, a sordid one. The text of the play has gone through many editions in many languages. But I am distressed that so many talk about it and write about it, never having read it. This is painfully evident when the subject of the opera comes up. I am glad to see, however, that *some* of the musical critics have recently taken the trouble to read the play, and are careful not to denounce sentences from the Bible used by Wilde as "the phosphorescence of decay"; they did quite a short while ago. Perhaps they have only read the Bible for the first time, and I am too sanguine. The *Daily News* talks about "beautiful art wasted on a vile subject." I am told that it was at the suggestion of the proprietors of the *Daily News*, or their musical critic, at the dress rehearsal, that the charger, to which beautiful Madame Ackté was obliged to sing, was filled with Cadbury's cocoa. I thought it was property blood, but Mr. Beecham assured me afterwards it was the pure article, supplied by the proprietors of the *Daily News*, and manufactured in those happy homes of which we used to see posters before the *Standard* was sued for libel. Mr. Redford satisfied himself that it was not slave-grown cocoa, and that there was no Chinese labour employed in its manufacture. Mr. E. H. Baughan, the critic, says, "the gore was very discreetly managed," so I am sure it was all right. What a wonderful thing musical criticism is. I wish I knew something about music; even as much as I know about musical critics.

A Memory

I remember once at Paris, in 1900, I was strolling along the Quai d'Orsay, and saw a copy of *Salome* in a bookseller's window. Wilde's works were then mostly out of print, and they had not begun to be pirated. I asked the price, which was twelve francs. Thinking this excessive, for it was then a mere secondhand book, not a bibliographical rarity, I made no purchase. Some days later Wilde was full of a scheme for a new play. In the last year of his life he was always full of new schemes for plays that were never to be written, as I knew too well. He said he wished he had a copy of *Salome*, for the new scenario was of a similar kind. I mentioned the copy I had seen just round the corner from where he lived. Wilde went off to secure it. On asking the price he was told it was twenty francs! Very indignant, he explained that a friend of his only three days before was given a quotation of twelve francs. The bookseller smiled politely and replied, "Ah, monsieur, but he was not the author; for the author it is twenty francs." Wilde was delighted at being recognised by an obscure bookseller, and cheerfully paid the amount. It was the last book he ever purchased for himself. He was laid

Who Said Quality?

"'Ere y'are, lady, pickshers, a tanner a time! Real bargain, straight—if yer don't believe me, feel the weight of it!"

BY THORPE

up a few days later, and in less than three months he was dead.

A Danger in Sets

A Christmas present which I have purchased for myself out of my slender earnings is the magnificent edition of William Morris, edited by his daughter, Miss May Morris (Longmans: 12 gns., in sets). Four volumes have been issued. I was rather afraid when I heard of the publication that it would be edited by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Each volume is prefaced instead by an illuminating and personal introduction from the poet's daughter, who performs her filial task, needless to say, to perfection. I cannot help thinking that publishers make an error in not bringing out sets of one author at once. They must miss a good many sales, especially at Christmas. If you give four volumes to anyone, when eight others have to come, all kinds of accidents may happen. You may quarrel with the recipient. It is especially risky where wedding presents are concerned. A great friend of mine married another great friend. They chose for a present the new edition of a writer then appearing in monthly volumes. I warned them that it was unlucky, and pressed inkstands and various spare bedroom ornaments on their attention. In happy marriages the wedding presents are nearly always ugly or useless. My friends were determined and modern. Of course, as you will have guessed, they were divorced before the set was completed. There was a good deal of unpleasantness about the wedding presents, many of which, my own included, were of a joint nature. Now I have never had the courage to ask who got the set of books. I feel it would be indelicate and revive unhappy memories. On literary matters they were united till the end. The last three volumes are still in my possession, wrapped in silver paper. I suppose I must ask the co-respondent, also a good friend of mine.

Photograph] **The Late Dr. Emil Reich, who Died Last Week** [*Lafayette*

The late Dr. Emil Reich, whose death occurred last week, will be chiefly remembered for his interesting attempt to intellectualise English Society. He certainly succeeded in attracting the aristocracy to his lectures on Plato at Claridge's. Society, it was discovered, knew quite a lot about Platonics. Dr. Reich was an amusing lecturer, and knew how to flatter his audience. He was of Hungarian origin

Her Majesty Selects

I was at Hatchard's, in Piccadilly, the other day purchasing a few Omar Khayyams and other works by Gilbert Chesterton. Suddenly I became conscious that everyone had taken off their hats, though nothing unusual seemed to be taking place; the attractive shop was thronged with its Christmas *clientèle*. In a few minutes I realised that Her Gracious Majesty Queen Mary was present selecting her presents like the rest of us. A breathless moment it proved in my life. There was a little pile of my own book (I modestly omit mention of its title) near the Royal hand. I saw, yes, I actually saw my own little book (Arthur Humphreys: 5*s* net) in that gracious clasp. Alas! it was replaced, and *not* put aside with those of more fortunate authors (I saw Lord Rosebery's *Chatham* among them) for dispatch to Buckingham Palace. Still, it was a moment. ROBERT ROSS.

The Greek As He Is

If we knew one-tenth as much about the Greece of to-day as we profess to know of the Greece of the ancients, England might be led to revolutionise her Eastern policy. The first book that I have read dealing really intimately with the soul of the Hellenic people is *Home Life in Hellas* (Mills and Boon). This book is delightfully written and illustrated, and reading it enables one to know the modern Greeks as they are. The writer is at pains to remove the habit of writing them down as a degenerate race, and attributes it to our assuming the Greeks of Greece to be of the same *genre* as the Greeks of the Levant and Egypt. I suppose the difference is the same as that between the Americans of—say—Boston and Baltimore, and those of Paris and Stratford-on-Avon. One gleans the impression that the mountain tribes are noble and manly, and the Athenians not ungallant nor ungraceful. Also that Greece is a delightful country in which to take up short residence, provided one neither expects the Greeks at home to be those of the Republic of old, on the one hand, nor those of modern Pera or Alexandria on the other.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

GOLF

The Approaching Meeting of the Amateur Championship Delegates

The time has once more come round for the annual meeting of the Amateur Championship delegates; but I understand that the General Election, which, as I write, is in full swing (like a mere golfer), has caused the postponement of this meeting to a date early in the New Year. "*Inter arma silent leges*" is evidently the motto of the delegates, who seem determined that such frivolous and noisy affairs as elections shall not disturb the serenity of their august deliberations. After all, definitions of Tariff Reform, of the Referendum, of Home Rule, are mere child's play in comparison with the knotty problem of drawing a clear and acceptable line between an amateur and a professional golfer. This will not be the only question which the poor delegates will have to decide, for they have also to deal with the matter of the new course for the Amateur Championship in 1912.

The Westward Ho! Course: Spectators Crossing the Burn

The probable solution of a "delegate" question. It is the general opinion that Westward Ho! will be the course chosen by the Amateur Championship delegates for the Amateur Championship meeting of 1912

The New Championship Course for 1912

No indiscreet bird has opened its mouth to a waiting Press, and we have had no overt hint of the recommendation which the sub-committee of inspection is going to make to the main body. There seems to be a general agreement among critics that Westward Ho! will be the chosen course. But it is never wise to be certain of anything in golfing legislation. I will therefore confine myself to trusting that in this case general expectation may be realised. By the strict and literal terms of the resolution governing this question it would appear that any new course that does get chosen will not be eligible for re-election—as so many unfortunate candidates will be as a result of the recent elections. I must really ask my readers to forgive me. "Electionitis" is an insidious disease, as they may see by the frequent election eruptions from which this article suffers. But to resume the sane ground of golfing topics, I mean that the resolution says that a new course shall be chosen every sixth year. Now, any course that is chosen for 1912 will cease to be a "new course" in the proper meaning of the term once the Amateur Championship has been played on it. It would, perhaps, be as well to alter the phrasing of the regulation so as to make it plain that some course not at present on the regular rota shall be chosen every sixth year. This would give the delegates greater freedom of action, and would enable them to choose Westward Ho! a second time if they found the first visit to that course so successful as to make a return there in 1918 a desirable matter.

The Size of the Hole

There has been throughout the year the lament that golf is becoming too easy. Most people ascribe this melancholy fact (?) to the evil machinations of the rubber-cored ball. Some put it down to the account of the improvement in greenkeeping and the greater care taken of courses in general. Yet others, including myself, complain of the vast area of the modern putting-green. I have heard many suggestions emitted for remedying this horrible facility of modern golf; but I have not yet seen one put forward which, though excessively simple, would probably be a most effectual barrier to the modern record breaker. The size of the present hole is, by law, 4¼ inches. If golf has become so easy that we must limit clubs and standardise balls, why do we not lop off a little from the circumference of the hole? Let us imitate the billiard world, whose Championship tables have pockets of more limited size than ordinary tables on which poor struggling amateurs make their exiguous breaks. Reduce the hole for all competitions to 3¾ or even 3½ inches, and bring back those "*Saturnia regna*" for which the crusted old Tory golfer sighs so regretfully. Then, indeed, as a further blessing, we should have a fine new grievance to agitate and write about!

ERNEST LEHMANN.

HUNTING

Ladies in the Hunting Field

The fatal accident a few weeks ago to a dashing lady rider to hounds has caused some fond parents to wonder whether hunting is altogether a suitable sport for their girls, and anxious husbands have pleaded with wives to "have a care" when out with hounds. Well, as Lindsay Gordon sang:

> No game was ever worth a rap
> For a rational man to play,
> Into which no accident, no mishap
> Could possibly find its way.

Unless one belongs unblushingly to the roadster brigade the hunting field cannot be altogether free from mishap. Even the best of horses will make an occasional mistake, even the most discreet rider across country will find himself or herself in an awkward situation one day, arising from which a fall is well-nigh inevitable. But, on the whole, serious accidents in the field are comparatively rare, and the women suffer less frequently than the men. Probably they do not take so many risks or jump so many unnecessary fences. As a rule, too, they do not ride their own line, being content to follow a good pilot. Women ride with a longer rein than men, and this is, perhaps, yet another reason why they take fewer falls. Anyway, hunting is a splendid sport for a healthy woman, and whatever danger there may be of hard knocks is considerably outbalanced by the unrivalled enjoyment and invigorating qualities of a good day with hounds.

Lady Milbanke

Who hunts with the Kildare foxhounds, lands safely after a big jump. She rides her own line in tip-top style

Are They Keener Than Men?

Time was when women were something of a rarity in the hunting field, but nowadays they compete on equal terms with the men, and in some districts they occasionally have more ladies at the meet than the opposite sex. One well-known lady-rider in the Midlands told me once that she firmly believes women are much fonder of hunting than men. She thought this was probably because girls brought up in the country hear the sport more discussed than their brothers at school do, and, not being able to take part in football and other winter games, their energy is in consequence more directed towards hunting. Certainly, this lady added, with a tone of conviction, the majority of young girls ride much better than their brothers of about the same age do. Only a few months ago Lord Lonsdale gave me to understand that this was also his impression. "I don't think the young men go so well as was the case twenty years ago," said the Master of the Cottesmore; "but the girls ride better to hounds every year."

SHOOTING

According to an evening paper the King is credited with the wonderful achievement of having brought down 1,700 birds with 1,400 cartridges at Elvedon recently. Shooting people are now wondering how this remarkable feat was performed, even by so fine shot as His Majesty is generally acknowledged to be. There has been a good deal of discussion in the papers lately as to difficult shots and various opinions have been expressed as to which is the hardest bird to bring down. Surely this is one of those questions which never can be definitely answered, because every man has his own particular difficulty, and usually differs from his neighbour. One shooter will tell you that he is never comfortable with a partridge or pheasant flying low on his left. He finds he is apt to misjudge the pace and shoot

The Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes's Shooting-Party at Honingham Park, Norwich

Right to Left: Hon. A. Brand, Hon. Henry Coventry, Mr. Acland Hood, Mr. G. E. Buxton, Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, Mrs. Acland Hood, Lady Hylton, Lord Hylton, Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, Mrs. Ailwyn Greville, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Leo Trevor

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behind the bird. Other good shots will tell you that a dropping pheasant with wings outstretched and motionless is the bird which beats them more than any other. There are specialists with high pheasants, driven partridges, snipe, grouse, duck, every kind of game, in fact, but for the all-round man the high-dropping pheasant would seem, as a rule, to present the greatest difficulties.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 'Varsity Match

What a match! I have seen about twenty 'Varsity Rugger matches, but never a more exciting one than this last. Oxford were the better side, and they won; but, as an Oxford man, I can say without prejudice—as the lawyers put it—that Cambridge ought to have won, and would have won but for that unfortunate accident to Lewis. For it occurred just at the critical time when Oxford were getting flurried, and a little more "shaking-up" might have completely demoralised them. Their forwards were getting shoved about, and their backs, finding that their passing movements were somehow going wrong, had begun to resort to kicking, which is all very well in its way as a counter-move to close marking so long as it is properly done, but these kicks went too far (without finding touch) to be followed up with any chance of success. Lewis, too, was the man who was doing the scoring, the man whose pace "did the rest" after Scholfield, the hero of the day, had made a score possible, and when he went off it meant the withdrawal of Marburg, one of the most useful men in the Cambridge scrum, to a position in which he was admittedly less useful. Sometimes the loss of a man does not matter very much, but the loss of Lewis *did* matter. It tipped the beam at the critical moment. Even then Cambridge might conceivably have been able to "sit on their lead" so doggedly did they defend, but Poulton's genius was just too much for them, and so they lost. Hard luck!

Cleverness v. Orthodoxy

The Oxford team is one of the cleverest that has ever been seen out, and it struck me that there were times when they were just a bit too clever. They rather overdid the unorthodox, not only in attack, but in defence, which caused them to neglect the cardinal principle that the man with the ball *must* be gone for by somebody. Cambridge, on the other hand, played football of the ordinary type, and played it extremely well. Its very simplicity seemed to upset the Oxford calculations, and it nearly brought about one of the biggest upsets of form ever recorded. Cambridge had nothing to lose except the match, and that was expected, nay almost required, of them. They had, conversely, everything to gain, and the rude things that had been said about them, instead of depressing, braced them like a tonic. They began by doing their little best, and in time it developed into a very good little best indeed. Where the whole side rose to the occasion so manfully it is almost invidious to mention names, but Scholfield at left centre undoubtedly stood out as the big man of the team, both in attack and defence. Bruce Lockhart, too, was very useful, and his kicking was fine. To Lewis as the complement of Scholfield I have already alluded, and the Fettes pair, McCosh and Ovens, on the right wing, were not to be sneezed at by any means. Ovens is a deceptive runner; he looks to be slow, but is really quite fast.

The 'Varsity Rugby Match: Our snapshot shows one of the many attacks delivered by the famous Poulton-Geen combination on the Oxford left wing. Oxford's first three tries were scored in this way

W. P. Geen in Full Flight

Cambridge's Second Try
This was scored by Lewis, for whom Scholfield made the opening beautifully

The Oxford Backs

Poulton is the man on the Oxford side about whom there was, and still is, the most discussion, and upholders of the view that he ought

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to have been played on the wing have had plenty to say. Personally, I incline to the old belief that a brilliant and versatile player in attack, such as Poulton is, should be played in the centre provided he is not absolutely weak in defence, because he gets more chances of showing his versatility in that position. Poulton, without being positively great in defence, was certainly not weak, and he got the two tries which put Oxford ahead at the finish by making openings for himself which he might never have been able to do had he been on the wing. Moreover, he had on the wing Geen, who was quite capable of working with him, and is a born try-getter. But Geen should give up that habit of dodging about after he has crossed the line for the sake of getting a few yards nearer to the posts. It is not good enough with two or three men on you, and it lost Oxford one certain try. With Knott at stand-off half I was a little disappointed; he took his passes beautifully, but he nearly always sent them on at once, and could, therefore, be left unmarked. Cunningham, his predecessor (who, by the way, was acting as a touch-judge with his arm in a sling—the result of an accident while riding), was one of the chief contributors to Oxford's big score last year by the clever way in which he drew a man, or even two, before passing to his three-quarters. Allen on the right wing was too slow, and could always be overhauled even when Buchanan had sent him clean away. This meant that Oxford's power of attack on the right was practically a *quantité négligeable*, and made Buchanan's task a difficult one. Taking the two sides, each as a whole, Oxford were really the stronger, but Cambridge's pluck and enterprise made a level match of it, and no one could have grumbled if the result had been a draw.

Oxford's First Try
Scored by W. P. Geen with a pass from Poulton. Geen is seen going over the line close to the corner flag. Oxford, after being at one time 5 points down, ultimately won by 23 points to 18

RACING: Next Year's Derby.

By CARBINE

At Home and Abroad

Racegoers in this country sometimes complain that the laws in regard to betting have become unduly stringent, but, as a matter of fact, we are a great deal better off in this respect than nations abroad. In France, all betting is practically disallowed excepting through the medium of the *pari-mutuel*, and it is much the same in other Continental countries. In America, recent legislation has made wagering on horses something of a crime, even on the racecourses. Naturally, this action has ruined the bloodstock breeding industry in the United States, to say nothing of the large financial interests involved in various meetings affected by the puritanical legislative measures. I have, too, a letter before me from a correspondent in Pretoria, in which he says, "Transvaal laws are very stringent as to betting outside a racecourse. Punter and layer are liable to a fine of £75. Newspapers must not publish odds. Let us hope that these kill-joys will soon have their nonsense repealed." There are busybodies who would bring similar laws into force in England, but, thank goodness, the common sense of the nation has been too strong for them so far.

The Blue Riband of the Turf

My correspondent in Pretoria is good enough to ask me to give him my ideas upon the Derby of 1911. First, I must express regret that we shall not see in that race some of the best three-year-olds of the season, including Seaforth, St. Nat, Meleager, and Mushroom, all of whom are ineligible to compete. Three owners seem to me to have the best chances of supplying the winner, and I name them in the order in which I estimate their prospects of success, viz., Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Fairie. I give you the owners' names because all three have more than one candidate in the race and it is not easy at this distance of time to foretell which will be their respective representative at Epsom. Mr. Rothschild, for example, will be able to choose between Pietri and St. Anton. Both are colts of the highest quality, and there is really not very much to pick between them on their running during the past season.

Which Will Win?

I daresay the majority of people would give Pietri the preference, but I shall not be in the least surprised if St. Anton turns out to be the better of the pair, as I am under the impression that he has a more equable temper and kinder disposition than the other colt. Lord Derby, unlike Mr. Rothschild and Mr. Fairie, has not yet had the distinction of winning the Derby. He has three chances this time, consisting of King William, Stedfast, and Bridge of Allan. I think the first of the trio is the best at present; but the others are quite likely to improve. Mr. Fairie has reasonable prospects of following Lemberg's success in the Derby with Cyllius or Phryxus, but I do not consider either can be put in the same category as Pietri and St. Anton. Concisely put, my opinion of the great race is that Mr. L. de Rothschild will win. None of the steeplechase meetings this week are of much interest, but there should be good sport at Kempton Park early next week. On Boxing Day **Vinegar Hill** may win the Corinthian Steeplechase and **Counterpoise** the Richmond Hurdle Race. On the following day **Orangeville** is my selection for the Sunbury Steeplechase, and **Spikenard** for the Twickenham Hurdle Race.

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Photograph] **Held Up by the German Police** [*Knox*

British tourists in a Daimler car caught in a police-trap on the banks of the Moselle, near Coblence. Even in Germany the police-trap flourishes—contrary to general impression. The important thing to the tourist is to brush up his German before starting. Otherwise there may be some difficulty in understanding the nature of the offence. Teutonic police assistance is not very helpful

Mainly in Dry Dock

On the evidence of these columns during the past few weeks, the reader would, doubtless, be justified in concluding that the sea and sky motoring departments had gone out of business, so much have we occupied ourselves with matters of land transport. But that, if explanations are being called for, is as it should be. These columns exist, as all others, to reflect dominant interests; and the dominant interest of motoriana is certainly the car, and neither the boat nor the plane. The boat is laid up for the season in most cases. It is the medium of enchanting sport when the conditions are propitious—particularly for tho e who are not too susceptible to what we will call the unsettling influences let loose by the "heave of the ship to the sta nless blue." But at these times, and certainly in these climes, it is just a little too heroic for the normal owner—apart from all other considerations. To-day we may only profitably review the work of the past year, note the swelling volume of the blue-water school (due to the development of hull and power-plant and the production of a boat of speed at a possible price), and live over again the successes of the season. This is largely (but not wholly) the period of hybernation in aquatics.

A Reply from Earth to the Menace of the Air

The latest Krupp "Airgun" mounted on a fast motor-propelled armoured chassis. Men invisible under cover; armoured portion open showing interior of gun; how ammunition is stored, and how the machine is driven. The mounting allows the direction of the gun to be varied to any angle

Aeroplanetics

In the air, where, of course, we must contend with a frail and immature machine against conditions uncertain in everything except antagonism, we have certainly more toward. The complimentary dinner to Grahame White at the Carlton the other day recalls the success of this, our best-known flyer, in the Gordon Bennett contest in America a few weeks ago. It also recalls the fact that the machine was, once again, a Bleriot monoplane, and that, so far, the all-British machine to achieve notable results (comparable to the forefront performances of Bleriots and Farmans, for example) is still to seek. However, that need not too seriously perturb us at this particular stage. It is due to several causes, principal among which is the lack of financial support accorded to our all-red manufacturer and aviator. All we want is a few more Baron de Forest prize offers, and we should certainly forge ahead in the international arena. The de Forest prize is of £4,000 for the longest journey from England to the Continent made by a machine which must be British throughout (motor included). That competition, by the way, closes on the 31st inst., and of the fifty entrants quite a heartsome number

are just now awaiting the psychological moment with eagerness and hope—especially hope. That competition, and the British Michelin Cup contest, which closes on the same date, will make considerable present interest for us even in the home air.

Concerning a Combination Tube and Sheath

I referred last week to one of the many efforts which have been made to palliate the misery of punctures and bursts, and the burden of tyre cost. This week I should like to draw particular attention to another which, on the stand of the Pneumatique Cordes Vittu in the Salon, as at Olympia, aroused considerable interest—naturally. This is the Victor combination tube and shield made by the Challenge Rubber Mills, Eagle Wharf Road, London. First the tube is reinforced on the rim side by fabric which extends around about three-fifths of the tube's circumference. The all-rubber portion at the top where expansion comes, as well as a quite sufficient lap of the reinforced portion, is enveloped by the shield—an enormously strong, but entirely pliable, fabric sheath. These two, in conjunction, form a completely protected air-chamber, without sacrifice of any resiliency. The effect is to bridge fractures in the cover very effectively, and, therefore, entirely to circumvent the natural tendency of a tube to blow through and burst. At the same time, the cover's life is prolonged because of the support within, while the strength and thickness of the shield immediately under the tread must spoil most of the efforts of the puncture fiend. In itself we have here an important contribution to the problem all motorists are wishful of solving. The possible difficulty of fitting which may suggest itself is, on my own experience, non-existent; nor does the shield creep. The sheath or shield (quite cheap to buy) will, of course, outlast several covers.

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In Compression

From Pratt's a little booklet entitled "Old Friends," containing a few of the feats which Pratt's has succeeded in achieving during the year, both in motoring terrestrial, motoring celestial, and motoring aquatic, as further evidence, if such were needed, of the continued virility of this first favourite among "essences" with motorists in all elements. A handy little brochure. Send for it.

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*Fillet of Sole, with Mushrooms
*Roast Turkey and Chestnut Stuffing
*Ham Cooked en Casserole. Salad
Plum Pudding. *Fruit Sponge
*Croûtes of Caviare
Dessert. Coffee

Fillet of Sole, with Mushrooms

Three medium-sized soles, ½lb. of mushrooms, 1oz. of butter, pepper, salt, and a little lemon-juice. Lay the fillets on a dish, rub th m with lemon-juice, and sprinkle over them a little salt. Peel the mushrooms, cut them in halves, and put them in a saucepan with the butter, salt, and pepper. Stir for fifteen minutes, then put aside till cool. Then chop them finely, lay a little on each fillet, and roll up to a nice shape. When all are done, put them in a buttered pie-dish, and bake for twenty minutes to half an hour. Dish up, and pour a nice, rich white sauce over them. If liked, a few of the mushrooms may be added to the sauce.

Roast Turkey and Chestnut Stuffing

Take 1lb. of chestnuts, roast and peel them, and put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for about twenty minutes, then drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them finely. Take one tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a little grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix all well together, adding the chestnuts and moistening the whole with 2oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Place this stuffing in the crop of the turkey, cover the breast with a piece of fat bacon or buttered paper, and roast at a distance of eighteen inches from a clear fire. A turkey weighing 12lb. will take about three hours. Serve with good gravy and breadsauce in a tureen.

Roast Ham en Casserole

Skin a small ham or gammon of bacon, cut off the knuckle part, and rub in a mixture composed of moist sugar, half a teaspoonful of ground mace, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, and half a teaspoonful of paprika pepper. Place the ham in an earthenware roasting pan, lined with fat bacon or ham rind, and a few prunes. Pour over sufficient lard or butter to baste, put on the lid, and bake in a slow oven from two to two and a half hours, according to size. Baste it frequently and freely. When done take out the ham, remove the fat and ham rind from the pan, return the ham to the pan, and add half a pint of rich gravy or brown sauce and a glass of sherry or Madeira. Continue to cook over the fire for another ten minutes. Dish up and serve with the sauce poured round the ham.

Fruit Sponge

One tin of preserved apricots, six sponge cakes, and a sixpenny jar of cream. Place a layer of the fruit in a glass dish, cut the sponge fingers in two, and repeat the layers until all are used. Whip the cream and pile it on the top.

Croûtes of Caviare

Cut some pieces of bread half an inch thick and one inch wide; hollow out from the centre a little piece and fry a nice golden brown, and then fill up with caviare; flavour with a little lemon, butter, and tiny pinch of cayenne, put them in the oven, and serve very hot. EMILIA.

NOW that winter is upon us, and either fog, frost, or damp murkiness holds sway, the wise motorist, who travels for either business or pleasure, is more particular than ever to see that his car is fitted with really reliable tyres. He is not to be misled by semi-comic pictures or other allurements of a kindred nature. He knows which are the very best tyres in the market, or, if perchance he does not, then he accepts the verdict of the most experienced motorist of his acquaintance, which invariably proves to be in favour of Dunlops.

In proof of the unique popularity of the "first and foremost" tyre, it may be stated that, at the recent Olympia Show for instance, there were 448 more Dunlops than any other individual make of tyre; and, in the same way, all over the country, those who take out their cars when the roads are hard bound in frost, or rim-deep in a mixture of mud and flint stones, have learnt to place implicit confidence in their well-tried and faithful British-made Dunlops.

All motorists should see the Dunlop new security bolt protectors. Merely to see them is tantamount to ordering them. They save their cost in a single wet drive.

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SMALLER SIZES OF PACKING AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES OBTAINABLE FROM ALL TOBACCO DEALERS.

Christmas Shopping Notes.

By MRS. JACK MAY

THIS is the last occasion upon which I shall have the opportunity of advising my readers on matters concerning Christmas Shopping. With a few exceptions, we have dealt with practically all the leading Christmas present emporiums, one of the most important omissions being

Alfred Dunhill, 2, Conduit Street

There is plenty of time, however, to visit the leading abode of motorities in quest of useful Christmas gifts. To facilitate this shopping procedure, the firm have issued a special catalogue, which deals with such items as are specially suited to Christmas offerings, utilising for the cover of the brochure a replica of one of their famed fur-lined rugs. Now, here is a gift straightaway for either sex, and to meet the limitations of the average purse, Messrs. Dunhill have cut the prices extremely low, commencing from 8 gns.

Gauntlet gloves are a noted speciality of the house, and the supply is always augmented for Christmas. The advantages of going to Conduit Street for these motoring accessories lies in the fact that all the offerings are tested practicabilities. In general appearance, Dunhill's gloves are much like those purveyed by other people, but an inspection speedily reveals innumerable little advantageous details. The "Perfecta," for example, is a ladies' gauntlet, with gusset and cane stiffening to the cuffs, and there are those delightful fur mitts, quite the warmest hand-coverings possible, in nutria, musquash, opossum, etc.

Then for the folk already well equipped with these necessaries there are the original suggestions of mascots in solid brass, the black cat, bulldog, eagle, etc., all playing a part in this *galère*. And these presentments, let it be known, are all hand-chased.

The millinery is replete with happy suggestions. There is a simply ideal hood for winter motoring of squirrel lock, lined satin, and the very quaintest, most becoming thing conceivable in a fur hood shaped after the manner of a Dutch bonnet. In this curtailed list it is only possible to display a few specimens of the more *habillée* motoring headgear, but these few suffice to whet the appetite for an early visit to 2, Conduit Street.

A Boom in Velvet for Evening Dresses

We are certainly caught in a vortex of sensationalism where dress is concerned. Who could have thought to see an alliance of velvet and *ninon* incorporated in a dance dress? Yet such is verily the case, and still further to confound matters, the velvet is one colour and the drapery another. Thus the velvet under-dress will be of a deep cherry *nuance*, and the tunic cobalt blue *ninon*, or purple and cerise is particularly striking. Tangerine orange and black is singularly lovely, and not so bizarre, while copper veiled in smoke-grey has a quite particular *cachet*.

Although skirts still have a clinging aspect, there is a perceptible diminution of the actually narrow model. Confirmation of which is afforded in the elegant Parisian model depicted. As a black-and-white scheme this is simply lovely, the lace requisitioned being of silk needle-run character, while the embroidery is executed in long cut-jet beads on a silk net-work. The whole scheme is so exquisitely simple, and yet graceful beyond all adequate describing.

Photograph *Kiesel, Berlin*

A Lovely Evening Dress from Paris

The lace requisitioned is of silk needle-run character, while the embroidery is executed in long cut-jet beads on a silk net-work. The whole scheme, in black and white, is exquisitely simple, and graceful beyond description

Theatre Caps and Coiffure Adornments

I find it difficult to recall anything having jumped into quicker popularity than the theatre cap. It seems only the other day we were gazing open-mouthed at a head so daringly adorned in a box or stall, and here we all are accepting the decree with exhaustive seriousness.

Not always, but pretty generally, the cap conceals the *coiffure* entirely at the back, and is, perhaps, presented at its most attractive in gold net veiled in black tulle, these two gathered into a severe, jewelled *galon* band. Another delicious little notion is a sort of Puritan cap of tinsel lace, finished with a *rouleau* and bow of velvet at one side. And from such all-enveloping *coiffure* confections the descent is made gradually to the quiet, modest *bandeau*.

En route note should be made of a novel *cache-peigne*, which comprises a broad gold *treillage*, fitting the head closely at the back, and studded with turquoise matrix, this finishing round the front in two gold scrolls. Another exceptionally *chic* fancy is a dull gold or oxydised lace, passed through a buckle studded with mock jewels. And there are *cache-peignes* also formed of leaves, united by little wreaths of roses, glittering with *dimanté* dewdrops.

It is undoubtedly due to the great catholicity of choice and variety that these somewhat extravagant *coiffure* adjuncts

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not be described in so small a space, but a series of photos at the offices of Agents will give some idea of this charming week-end cottage.—Inspected highly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

TO CONNOISSEURS AND OTHERS.

Under an hour from Town.

UNIQUE SUSSEX COTTAGE, probably unequalled in county. Beautifully panelled in oak with mullioned windows.

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with oak staircase, 2 sitting rooms, 3 principal bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 servants' rooms.

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ONLY £3,250 FOR QUICK SALE

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Unequalled views extending to the Sussex Downs.

SURREY, NEAR MERSTHAM.—Over 3 acres. This particularly attractive RESIDENCE, built for the owner's occupation regardless of expense, is situated in one of the most delightful spots on the beautiful Surrey Hills.

The approach is by long winding carriage drive, and the accommodation includes *spacious hall, capital dining and drawing rooms (the latter having lounge 38ft. long), complete offices with servants' hall, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, linen and excellent boxrooms.* Stabling of 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house.

MOTOR-HOUSE WITH PIT.

The fine old pleasure grounds are beautifully timbered and well laid out, terrace walks, Dutch garden, rockery, excellent tennis lawn (200ft. by 50ft.), rose garden, kitchen and flower gardens, conservatory, in all over 3 acres. — Personally known to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHOICE MEDIUM-SIZED PROPERTY.

At a low price.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND LEWES (between).—For SALE, this picturesque RESIDENCE, in a lovely position, in the vicinity of Ashdown Forest.

Lounge hall (15ft. 6in. by 14ft. 6in.)	*Drawing room* (24ft. by 22ft.)	*Dining room* (25ft. by 20ft.)

Smoking room, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall. Stabling. Garage. Cottage.

2 CARRIAGE DRIVES 150 YARDS LONG.

The whole being surrounded by delightful grounds, with full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, etc., in all

ABOUT 14 ACRES.

—Full particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OLD MANOR HOUSE (recently restored).

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

NEAR SOUTH COAST AND DOWNS.—Quite in the country, yet within 2 miles of the sea and a residential resort. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), housekeeper's rooms, etc. Good stabling.

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with lawns, summer-house, orchard, kitchen garden, and small paddock, etc.

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STATELY OLD MANSION WITH FROM 50 TO 1,500 ACRES.
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picturesque stone-built Mansion, standing about 300ft. above sea level in a well-timbered deer park of nearly 100 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, and 35 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 17 horses, and motor-house; electric light installed throughout; hunting with 4 good packs; capital shooting.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,369)

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£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, DATED 1648.
TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 21 ACRES.

THE ABOVE FINE OLD HOUSE is described in Lyson's "History of Berkshire," and possesses considerable historical interest. It occupies a beautiful situation, conveniently near a well-known BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN, and stands high up, with views extending to about 20 to 30 miles. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and ample offices. The hall is panelled, and there are many interesting features, including recessed fireplace and inglenook in the dining room; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, etc.; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent old timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens and shrubbery, fruit and vegetable gardens and parkland, in all about 21 acres; 2 cottages and farmery, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,690)

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WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

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The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber is exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glass-houses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., who have inspected. (3,242)

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TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above exceptionally well-built and planned RESIDENCE, standing in gardens and grounds of about 25 acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, 15 bedrooms, day and night nurseries, 5 reception rooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; stabling and garage; farmery; cottages; delightful pleasure grounds, woodland, tennis court, rose and rock gardens, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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OLD MANOR HOUSE (see view above) on Norfolk and Suffolk Borders, near coast and golf links, with 3 acres of beautiful grounds, walled kitchen garden, lawns, and paddock: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3, motor-house, and outbuildings; 2 miles from station. PRICE, £1,760 ONLY.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,794)

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HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

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ON SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS, between Farnham and Hindhead.—To be SOLD, or LET Unfurnished, picturesque RESIDENCE, on the South slope of a hill; carriage drive approach, well away from motor traffic: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; motor garage and man's rooms: 3 acres of charming grounds, terraces, rockery, and ornamental pine plantation; Company's water, modern drainage. Additional land up to 10 acres can be had. 2 miles from golf. Moderate terms.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,010)

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GROUNDS AND PARK OF 36 ACRES;

stabling, motor-house, groom's rooms, cottage, farmery, glasshouses, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,022)

KENLEY (Surrey; 10 minutes from station and 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing: 2 halls, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, conservatory; stabling for 2, coach-house, motor-house; LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 2½ ACRES; gas and Company's water; main drainage. Price only £3,600, or near offer. — Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,877)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

HANTS (borders of New Forest, few miles from Salisbury). — This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with every modern convenience, to LET FOR 1 YEAR AT £220: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; kennels and outbuildings; pretty old-walled gardens, tennis lawn, etc.—All details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who have inspected. (F 5,038)

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KENT (between Tonbridge and Maidstone).—To be LET from January, well-furnished, attractive VICARAGE, commanding very pleasant views: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; beautifully timbered ground; gas; certified drainage; Co.'s water; hunting, fishing.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,043)

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A GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED OR THE FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN. — A beautiful old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, dated 1590, and containing some exceptionlly fine old panelling. The accommodation includes very large lounge hall, with magnificently carved chimneypiece and wide open fireplace, 4 reception rooms (3 completely panelled), 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, and main drainage; old-world pleasure grounds with lawns, orchard, and meadows, in all about 10 acres.—Box F 1,665, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE BICESTER HUNT.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil with South aspect, in pretty grounds of some 3½ acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; modern drainage. Near golf. Shooting could be rented.—Box K 4,870, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course). — To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadowland. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

MANOR HOUSE AND 4½ ACRES.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—To be SOLD, a charming old MANOR HOUSE, 1 mile from Mildenhall Station and 12 miles from Bury St. Edmunds. It is covered with creepers, and contains: a quaint old lounge hall with handsomely carved mantel and beautifully panelled ceiling, dining room, drawing room and conservatory, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; modern drainage; stabling, coach-house, and coachman's cottage; picturesque old grounds with flower garden, croquet lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden, and meadow, in all 4½ acres; golf close. — Box K 1,000, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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MENTONE (occupying one of the best and most sheltered positions in the South of France, 200ft. above the sea, facing South).—To be LET, Furnished, for the season, or would be SOLD, a charming VILLA, standing in beautiful grounds containing masses of lemon and orange trees and roses in profusion. It commands fine views of the Mediterranean and Cap Martin, and is not overlooked. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Plate and linen left.—Box K 4,880, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD, an extremely attractive RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc. The house and grounds of 10 acres would be Sold separately.—Box K 4,886, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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THE HOUSE stands in park and grounds of 36 acres, and contains some fine panelling. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall and dining room, 3 other reception rooms, opening to

THE BROAD PAVED TERRACE AND LOGGIA

and covered verandah; there are 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling and garage; delightful old grounds, with tennis lawn and Italian garden, etc.; golf near; Company's water.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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A CHARMINGLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE, —7 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; very pretty grounds, tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., 3 acres; near 3 golf links; London in 35 minutes. Extremely low Rent. —Box H 3,903, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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£825. — Commodious, detached corner RESIDENCE, well built and recently redecorated, containing: 8 bed and dressing, 2 reception and billiard rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3, coachhouse and lofts; small garden, grass plot, several good trees. — Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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BEAUTIFUL OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE IN FINELY TIMBERED PARK.

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reception rooms, billiard room, complete offices, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms; stabling for 6; farmery; 2 lodges and cottage; grand old gardens and ornamental lake and park of 42 acres. Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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£1,300 WILL PURCHASE the above fine example of the Early English RESIDENCE and GROUNDS of about 4½ acres. The House is built of oak studs with brick nogging, and the roof is partly thatched and partly tiled. It contains a panelled hall 18 ft. square with open timber roof and king-post, and the two brackets which support the main beam are decorated with early carvings, whilst the fireplace is of early Gothic. There are 3 sitting rooms of similar character and 5 bedrooms, all commanding beautiful views. The House is undoubtedly of exceptional interest and beauty, all the additions and restorations having been carried out with true antiquarian accuracy. The House stands in a pretty village, is a few minutes' walk from Church, and about 2 miles from a station on the main line of the G.E.R. (and 2½ hours from London). Convenient for well-known seaside golf links; gravel soil; the garden is at present not finished, but a large number of trees have been planted, and it offers splendid possibilities, being of beautiful loam soil. The owner would be pleased to give his advice and assistance in completing it.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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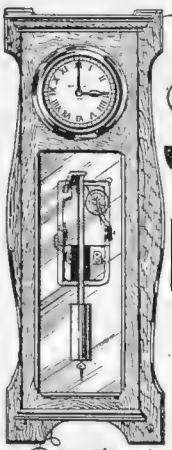

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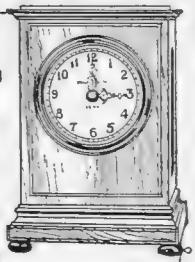

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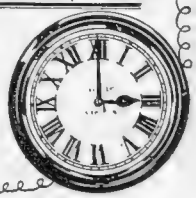

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Send for Your Gift To-day, and Your Hair Will be Thicker, Longer, and More Beautiful Than it is Now.

EVERYONE will be giving away presents just now. For of all times in the year this is especially the season when it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Even those who can only afford to give "just one" present this year derive a great deal of pleasure from their gift.

How exceedingly happy, then, must be the man or woman who can "remember" everyone.

Now, there is one man in Great Britain who, judged by this standard, must be undoubtedly the happiest person in the world.

For this year he is giving away not just one, or a dozen or even fifty presents. No, he is generously distributing amongst the readers of this paper no fewer than 1,000,000 Christmas Gifts, 1,000,000 valuable Free Packages.

A Complete Outfit for Growing and Keeping Beautiful Hair

This outfit is not a complex one. It consists of three parts. Each one of these three component parts of the Outfit possesses valuable merits of its own, but their full perfection is only realised when they are united in one Hair Growing and Beautifying Course, the full materials and directions for which are contained in the Christmas Present from Mr. Edwards to you:

A bottle of the everywhere-famous tonic Hair-dressing and Grower, Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair."

A packet of deliciously perfumed "Cremex Powder" for shampooing the Hair at Home.

A copy of Mr. Edwards' "Book of the Hair," including the full rules and directions for growing beautiful hair by the world-famous Harlene Hair-Drill Method.

From his imposing building at 95 & 96, High Holborn, the Royal Hair Specialist (Mr. Edwards) is sending out thousands of Free "Harlene Hair Drill" outfits (with instructions). If you have not yet received one, fill up, cut out, and send the following coupon, and you will have the packet delivered at your address per return post.

Wonderful Effect of Seven Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill"

At the end of the seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre, which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good.

And so it is.

For the more you practise it the more beautiful your hair will become. Ladies who have practised it for years (some of our most famous actresses are amongst them) have the most beautiful hair in the world.

But this lustrous endowment is not the only result.

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"Harlene Hair-Drill" has a wonderful effect upon such hair as this. It has the same effect upon the hair as bright sunshine and rich soil have upon a plant.

After a very short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" the weak hair becomes visibly stronger and healthier than it was before. It has life in it. It grows quickly, and wherever the hair is thin and scanty you see new growths of hair springing up to reinforce the solitary veterans that were there before.

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Directly you start "Harlene Hair-Drill" a new hair, as it were, starts up to join the colours. New battalions of hair grow up from the hair follicles. Recruiting goes on apace, and in a very short time you will find that your Army of the Hair has doubled, trebled, even quadrupled its numbers.

Then there is the question of scurf.

Scurf is a Hair-Destroyer; one of the deadliest of hair enemies.

Scurf chokes the hair; rots the hair; discolours the hair; kills it, and causes it to fall out.

But "Harlene Hair-Drill" (for two minutes daily), assisted by the "Cremex" Home Shampoo (once or twice a week), completely eliminates Scurf.

Scurf cannot live amongst hair which is shampooed with "Cremex" and "drilled" with "Harlene."

Follow Mr. Edwards' advice to you, and all Scurf and Dandruff will completely disappear, never to return so long as the "Hair-Drill" rules are kept up—so long as you practise the "Harlene" Culture Rules.

All the above will be sent to any address in the world on receipt of your application enclosing 3*d.* in stamps to cover cost of carriage and dispatch of outfit.

For the outfit itself no fee will be charged or obligation incurred.

Subsequent supplies of Harlene can be obtained from all the leading chemists and stores, in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles, and of "Cremex" Shampoo Powders in boxes of six for one shilling. If unobtainable in your district, supplies may be had direct and post free on receipt of postal order at the Harlene Offices, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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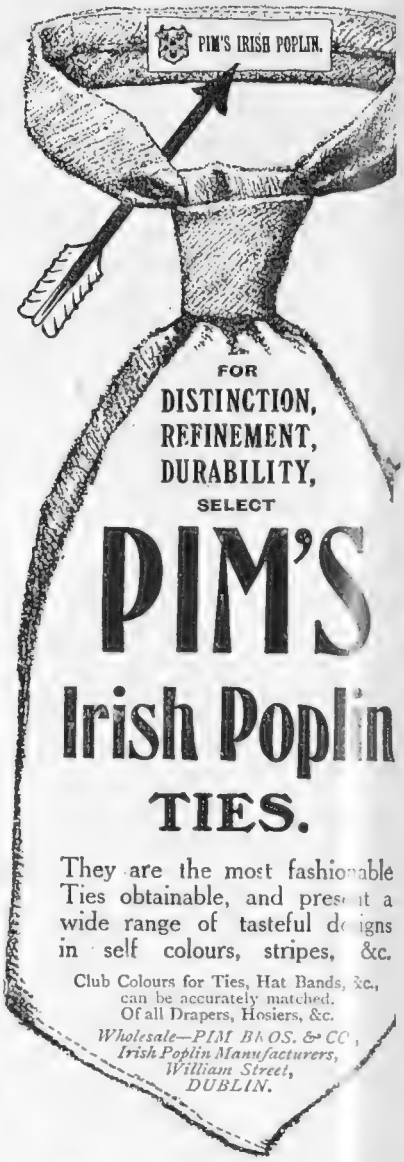

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SPONGES. Buy Direct.—1 large Bath, 2 Toilets, 1 Motor, 1 Pantry, 5 for 3/6; Motor Sponges, 10/6, 18/-, 36/- per doz.; 3 samples for 5/6; both parcels 8/6. Illustrated Catalogue free. DIRECT SUPPLY COMPANY, 53B, Victoria Buildings, Manchester.

have been accorded so ready an appreciation. High, low, or medium dressings are equally well considered, and, adroitly disposed with intuitive individuality of touch, may be said to be pretty nearly always successful. Although, now I come to consider, I should like to exempt from this verdict the broad ribbon swathing, which is pretty nearly always disfiguring.

The Importance of Opossum

There has been nothing more remarkable in the fur world than the rise in the status of opossum. Originally relegated to interiors of coats and moderately priced fur sets, opossum now hob-nobs with the most cherished pelts, and in its best picked qualities is, of a consequence, rising rapidly in price. The accompanying picture discloses a quaint pelerine scarf of pure white ermine, the centre sparsely sprinkled with real black tails, which is bordered round with the finest possible opossum. An extremely large flat muff is arranged to correspond, the two lines of ermine divided by a strip of opossum corresponding in width with the border.

Presents of Every Description

Something for everybody will be found in Macmichael's illustrated novelty list, to be obtained from J. Macmichael, 48, South Audley Street, W. Gifts both useful and ornamental are here in great variety. I was particularly struck with a clock and electric pull push all in one—the little clock acting as the push. Also the china and gilt smoking sets, illustrated on page 38, are ideal presents for men. Myself I covet that Battersea Enamel Inkstand from the Schrafer Collection at South Kensington Museum, which is priced at £6 15s. But send yourself for the catalogue and delay not.

Crème Simon

A fact that is borne home more and more forcibly the longer one lives is that a clear, healthy skin is half the battle of a beautiful appearance. All the Simon emollients are of the purest order, and can be used with perfect confidence, while the immediate result of an application is so entirely satisfactory as to render the continued use an imperative duty. Crème Simon, for example, is a delightful skin food, that should be lightly applied with a soft, damp towel, the gentle rubbing enhancing the benefit of the crème. After drying the face a light sprinkling of Poudre Simon effects the charming and youthful bloom every right-thinking woman is desirous of obtaining. Crème Simon Soap, again, exacts the highest praise; it is absolutely pure, and can be used with the utmost confidence by women and children with delicate skins.

Allen and Daws

For over half a century the house of Allen and Daws has been established as goldsmiths in the historic city of Norwich, and the record which the firm possesses of more than sixty years' trading makes it one of the oldest, as well as one of the largest, in the Eastern Counties. Messrs. Allen and Daws are renowned for the very high-class business they have conducted for so long. Recently the firm of Allen and Daws have developed an important branch of their operations by specialising in the buying of old gold jewellery, for which they are prepared to pay good prices. As the firm buys anything, whether large or small, many people with jewellery, trinkets, plate, etc., may be glad to know of a reliable house to which such articles can be submitted for sale. They are prepared to give intending sellers the highest references, including their bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co.

Plantol Soap

"Plantol" is a new, high-class toilet soap, the distinguishing feature of which is that it is "guaranteed to contain no animal fat." Soapmakers have long realised that the ideal toilet soap should contain only vegetable oils, but hitherto they have not been able to get the desired solidity and texture without an admixture of tallow. Containing the sweet essences of luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, Plantol represents a more than delightful toilet soap, and it must appeal to those to whom the use of a preparation made from the fats of animals is distasteful. Pale green in tint, "Plantol" retains the natural colour of its fruity constituents. It is absolutely pure, and its action on the most delicate skin creates an invigorating and delightful sensation. It seems to render the water beautifully soft. In cases of skin affection, where some other soaps could not be used at all, "Plantol" has had most beneficial results. "Plantol"—Floral Bouquet—is exquisitely scented, and appeals particularly to those who appreciate a refined perfume. "Plantol"—Natural Bouquet—is unperfumed, except

Photograph *Kiesel, Berlin*

The Importance of Opossum

Our photograph shows a quaint pelerine scarf of pure white ermine, the centre sparsely sprinkled with real black tails, which is bordered round with the finest possible opossum. An extremely large flat muff is arranged to correspond, the two lines of ermine divided by a strip of opossum corresponding in width with the border

for the delicious aroma of its fruity essence, and is the favourite with those who like a pure but unscented soap.

The Jig-Saw Library

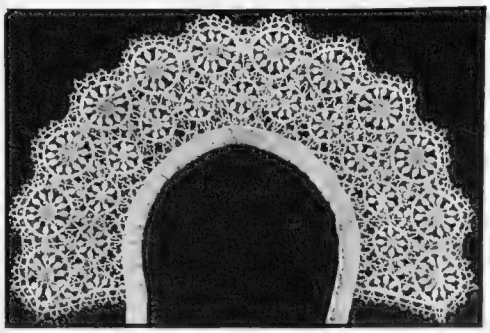
In the past many people have complained that although Jig-Saw fascinated them, they were unable to continue purchasing new sets owing to the heavy expense curtailed. To-day no one hears such a complaint, as all the enthusiasts have now joined the Jig-Saw Library, founded some time ago by Anne Austen, of 61, New Bond Street, London. For 5*s.* monthly (Town members' subscription) anyone can enjoy Jig-Saw to their heart's content, as the sets can be exchanged twice every week. Everyone who wants to while away the winter evenings, or who desires to entertain visitors, would do well to join this library. All our English Royalty and many of the aristocracy are members of it. It seems as though Jig-Saw will be more fashionable now than it has ever been before, and this is due in great measure to the facilities offered by this new library.

Perfumed Roses

Here we have a truly delightful and original gift for ladies. Imagine perfect imitations of French roses delicately perfumed with the natural odour. These are made in five varieties, deep red, pale pink, La France, Maréchal Niel, and white, and may be obtained from Miss Chantrey, 56, Maddox Street, W., with a tiny flask of perfume for rescenting at will. The price, including postage, is 5*s.* 6*d.* each, or three may be had for 15*s.*

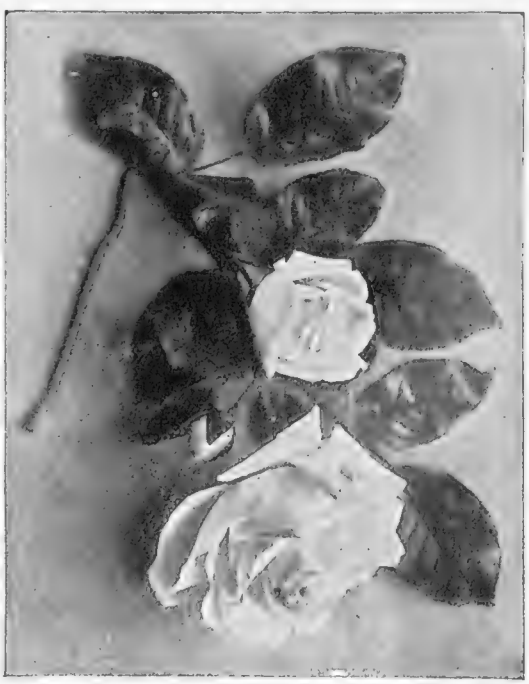
Erasmic Specialities

I have received from the Erasmic Company a booklet regarding their products and another booklet dealing more with the Company's works. Of course, the Erasmic Soaps are now too well known to need comment, but I should like to say that their "Tesco" Medicated Soap is quite delightful—especially as a bath soap—it is so refreshing, and only costs 3½*d.* per tablet. The Erasmic Shaving Stick is of entire British manufacture, and puts foreign shaving soap quite in the shade. The Company have recently been appointed soap makers to the King, surely a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their soap. Erasmic Face Powder is supplied in three shades—pink, white, and natural—at 1*s.* per box. Their Toilet Cream, in addition to being an invaluable adjunct to the lady's toilet, is delightful for men after shaving. A strong point in connection with it is that it is a vanishing cream. Bottles or cases of Erasmic Perfume make delightful gifts. A point that should always be borne in mind is that toilet soaps and toilet specialities bearing the name "Erasmic" are always sure to be good. All the Erasmic Company's specialities are obtainable at the chemists, but in case they cannot be so obtained, the Company will always forward them direct, post free, on receipt of price.



A Real Maltese Collar (linen), priced at 4*s.* 6*d.*, at John Wilson's Successors, 188, Regent Street, W.

A Bottle of Erasmic Perfume



A Pretty Christmas Gift: "Perfumed Roses," from Miss Chantrey, 56, Maddox Street, W.

John Wilson's Successors, Ltd.

John Wilson's Successors, of 188, Regent Street, offer a wide choice of pretty and, at the same time, useful gifts. For instance, their "Heirloom" table linen is recognised as the highest expression of art and good value. Now is the time to make purchases, for, owing to the continued increase in the price of yarns, they find it necessary to issue an advanced list in the New Year; but for Christmas they are selling their table damask at old prices, and will send their illustrated catalogue, with full particulars, to all those who apply for same. Then there are the fancy linens, the veining, embroidery, and lace on which are a delight to see. Afternoon tea-cloths, dinner-sets, table-centres, toilet sets, cushion-covers, pin-cushions, night-dress sachets, d'oyleys, embroidered pillow-cases, etc., will be found in splendid profusion. Real Valenciennes and real Irish point lace handkerchiefs at 7*2s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* each are but two of a variety of beautiful things in this line. Then there is the beautiful real lace "Princess" robe at 40*s.*, lace collars and cuffs, one of which we illustrate, and many other delights.

Toilet Luxuries at Morny Frères

"You simply have to use Morny's things nowadays or other women think you belong to the backwoods," said a charming American in my hearing recently. Of course, all one's soaps, scents, bath salts, and sachets must now be *en suite* as regards odour. So, if you elect, like so many *mondaines*—to say nothing of Royalties—to adopt the subtle, delicious "Chaminade" for your scent, you will naturally have your bath perfumed with the *sels aromatiques* "Chaminade." To complete your "Chaminade" *batterie de toilette*, hair-tonic, complexion powder, tooth powder, eau dentifrice, soap, etc., must be used. The "June Roses" is quite different, but quite delicious, too, and "occurs" in almost the same variations of scent, salts, soaps, sachets, etc. Just as soon as ever one sees these Morny toilet luxuries one simply wants them all! You see, they are so exquisitely got-up in quaint and lovely pots, bowls, jars, bottles, and boxes that you feel you want nothing in the world so much as a dressing-room decorated *à la* Morny. There are over eight varieties of salts, as the "Book of Bath Luxury" from Morny Frères' only London address—261, Regent Street, W.—will show you.

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Fox's Puttees afford the acme of comfort when

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Golfing, Shooting, Climbing, Walking, Cycling, Motoring, etc.

Shaped to wind on spirally from ankle to knee without any turns or twists.

Made in various qualities and colours. Shade cards on application.

For Ladies and Children. Light Weight, with Spats, **7/6** per pair (detachable, **1/-** extra). Without Spats, **5/-** per pair. Send size of boot.

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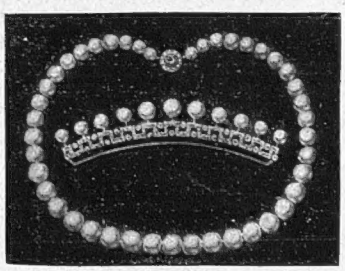

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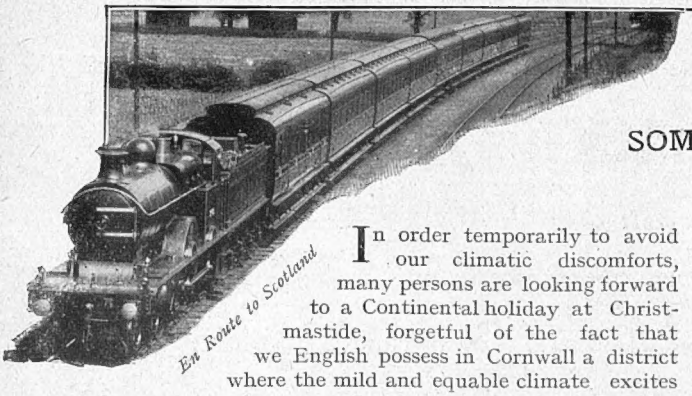

En Route to Scotland

Where to Go at Xmas

SOME RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

In order temporarily to avoid our climatic discomforts, many persons are looking forward to a Continental holiday at Christmastide, forgetful of the fact that we English possess in Cornwall a district where the mild and equable climate excites the envy of even Continental resorts. In this favoured and charming district, aptly named "The Cornish Riviera," the winters are of the mildest and the most equable in Europe; the air is of the purest; the scenery simply delightful. Of late years many palatial hotels have sprung up in such places as Penzance, St. Ives, Falmouth, Newquay, etc., and the means of access to the county, and the facilities for travel afforded by the Great Western Railway Company, leave nothing to be desired. This Christmastide a most comprehensive programme of excursion arrangements has been drawn up for all districts served by this railway, offering express services vying with some of its renowned ordinary trains. The availability of Saturday to Monday and week-end (Friday to Tuesday) tickets has been extended over the Christmas vacation, to return on Tuesday and Wednesday respectively. The Superintendent of the Line of the Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W., will be pleased to send pamphlets and any information respecting fares, train services, etc., free of charge on application, or full particulars may be obtained from the Company's stations and offices.

We have just received a copy of a most attractive programme issued by the Great Central Railway Company. It is intended for those who are spending their Christmas in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, or North of England. On Saturday, December 24, special expresses will leave Marylebone at suitable times for over 500 different stations. The tickets, issued at extremely low fares, will be available for return on the following Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Saturday, enabling those who may so desire to spend the special Bank Holiday period with their friends. Breakfast, luncheon, or restaurant cars will be attached to the trains, and the compartments represent the acme of comfort, being well lighted, and maintained at a genial temperature. Those in business kept late in Town on Christmas Eve will have the advantage of suitable night trains. Copies of this special A B C programme can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, G.C.R. Town offices, and agencies, or post free from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, London, N.W. The Company announce that frequent collections of parcels will be made at the receiving offices in London and the large centres, and the traffic will be dispatched by the first available train after receipt. A van will be sent to collect anything you may wish to dispatch on ringing up "Parcels Superintendent, Marylebone Station, No. 584 Paddington."

The Brighton and South Coast Railway offer exceptional facilities to attract visitors to the Sunny South Coast in the shape of numerous excursions. Cheap tickets convenient for the holidays will be issued on December 23, 24, and 25, available for return on December 25, 26, 27, and 28 only. On December 23 and 24 the ordinary service to Brighton, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight will be supplemented by accelerated trains. On December 24 a service of fast trains will run from London to Brighton about every hour from 9.0 a.m. to 7.0 p.m.; and for the convenience of business men late trains will leave London Bridge and Victoria for the principal stations on the system; and Hastings, Eastbourne, Brighton, Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth, etc., for London. A fourteen-day excursion to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris is arranged *viâ* the Newhaven route from London by the day and night services on December 21, 22, 23, and 24. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have also made complete arrangements for the expeditious dispatch and delivery of Christmas parcels at rates, with a few exceptions, cheaper than those by Parcels Post.

The programme issued by the Great Northern Railway Company for Christmas embodies a list of excursions to over 500 stations, covering Scotland, North-Eastern District, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and the Home Counties. The trains will be composed of corridor stock comfortably warmed. The Company also announce that short date week-end tickets issued on Friday, 23rd, or Saturday, 24th December, will be valid for return on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, and that Saturday to Monday tickets issued on Saturday, December 24, will be valid for return on the following Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. Programme giving full particulars of the excursions can be obtained gratis on application at any G.N. station or office, or a postcard addressed to the Chief Passenger Agent, G.N.R., King's Cross, will be the means of obtaining one.

The Great Eastern Railway announce that, in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, and Friday or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday tickets to the East Coast and the Norfolk Broads districts, which are issued from Liverpool Street and their other London and suburban stations, there will be special excursion bookings on December 24 to important places in the Eastern Counties; also *viâ* the cathedral route to Spalding, Lincoln, Edwinstone, Chesterfield, Hull, Sheffield, Durham, Newcastle, and other stations in the Northern Counties; also on December 23 and 30 there will be cheap bookings to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland. Extension of week-end tickets to country stations until December 27 and to seaside stations until December 28 are also announced. Senders of Christmas hampers and parcels are requested to fasten the address to each packet securely, and as an additional precaution against loss or delay are recommended to place a duplicate address of the consignee inside each package, together with the name and address of sender.

Week-end tickets, available by any train (mail and boat expresses excepted), will be issued by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway from London on December 23, 24, and 25, available for return on December 25, 26, 27, or 28, to Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, and New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea). Cheap tickets at the week-end fares will be issued by these trains for stations to which week-end bookings are in force. The Railway Company are catering for pantomime enthusiasts, and on Monday, December 26, cheap pantomime excursions will be run from the principal stations to London, returning about midnight. Full particulars as to times of trains, alterations in train services, etc., will be found in the holiday programme and special train service supplement issued by the Company. As regards Continental arrangements, cheap return tickets will be issued from London to Marseilles, Hyères, Cannes, Grasse, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and other stations on the French Riviera, *viâ* Folkestone and Calais. For golfing at Le Touquet (in the North of France) special arrangements have been made.

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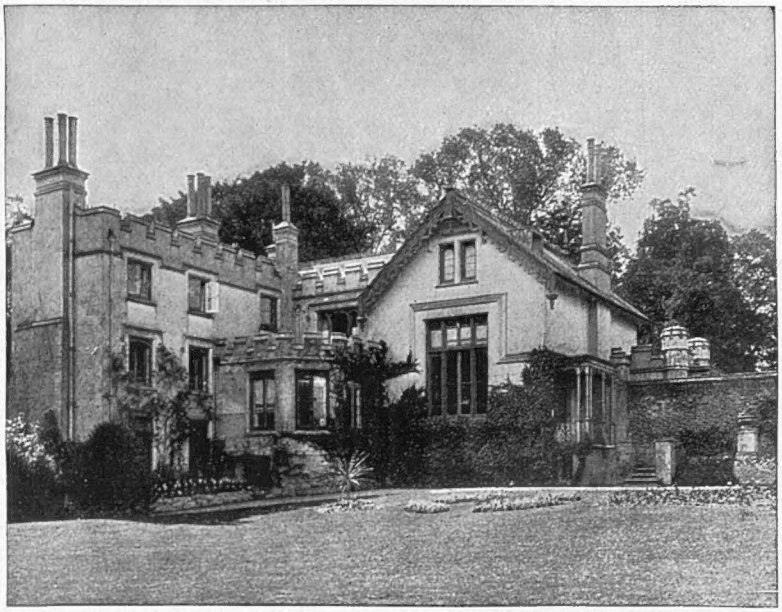

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The Xmas Number

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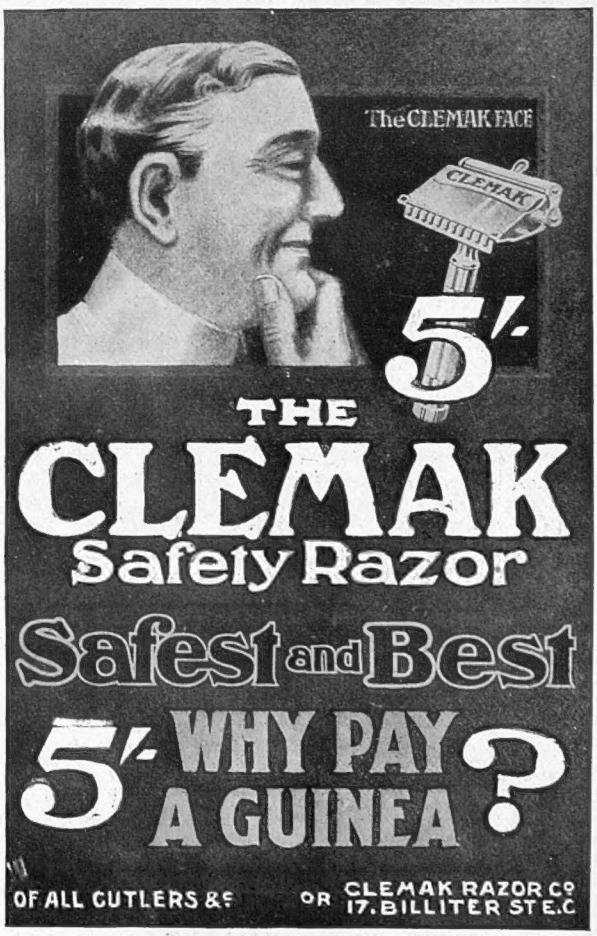


The Editor's Box

Aldwych Theatre

The Aldwych Theatre Christmas production will be Walter Melville's great drama, *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning*. Matinées will be given every day the first week, commencing Boxing Day, December 26.

Cunard Mediterranean Cruises

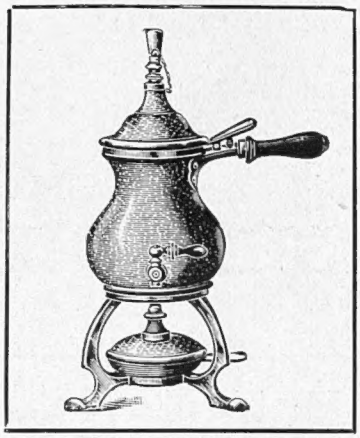
A more delightful holiday at the beginning of the year to escape the rigours of the British climate than a cruise in the Mediterranean would be difficult to imagine, and, therefore, it is particularly interesting to note that the Cunard Company are arranging trips from Liverpool in February and March next. The steamers which will be engaged are the famous Atlantic liners *Saxonia*, *Carpathia*, *Carmania*, and *Franconia*, and the ports to be visited include Cadiz, Tangier, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Syracuse, Alexandria, Athens, Corfu, Trieste, Fiume, Palermo, and Naples. The three first-mentioned steamer have established reputations among travellers for comfort, convenience, elegance of appointments, and all those other qualities associated with the Cunard fleet of "floating palaces," while the new *Franconia* (this will be her first trip), fitted with the latest and most up-to-date improvements and facilities, even to the equipment of a gymnasium, is sure to be found an ideal vessel in which to enjoy a holiday voyage in the Mediterranean. Each of the vessels is fitted with the submarine signalling and wireless telegraphy apparatus, and is illuminated throughout with electric light. An orchestra of professional musicians is also carried on board.

Sanitas-Bathol

Sanitas-Bathol provides the simplest and most effective way of preparing a pine bath, the pleasure and value of which are universally admitted. Its employment in the bath and toilet water will be found to palliate stiffness and stimulate the skin and refresh the system generally. Sanitas-Bathol, I have no hesitation in saying, is most refreshing and stimulating, in addition to its valuable cleansing, deodorant, and antiseptic qualities.

The Caffeta Coffee-Maker

The Caffeta coffee-maker enables anyone to make delicious coffee at the breakfast-table by simply placing water and coffee together, lighting the lamp, and it will whistle when the coffee is ready. The Caffeta is made (plated or copper) in three sizes, at 15*s.* 6*d.*, 21*s.*, and 25*s.*, and is obtainable from all leading stores and silversmiths, or from the manufacturer, F. Wiener, 1a, Fore Street, E.C.



The Caffeta Coffee-Maker
A present which will be appreciated by every recipient

Great Northern Railway Season Tickets

Commencing with the New Year the Great Northern Railway Company have decided to abolish the practice of requiring passengers who take up season tickets to pay a deposit, and all deposits held by the Company on December 31 will be returned to season ticket holders when their current tickets are renewed or relinquished. No deposit will be charged on season tickets taken up between now and December 31 if the period for which the season ticket is available extends beyond the present year. The "Northern Heights" districts for residential purposes are deservedly popular, the country being very attractive, and enjoy an exceedingly good train service. A very distinctive feature is the quarterly publication, "Where to Live," the latest number of which, containing 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, can be had post free by any *bonâ-fide* house-seeker who writes to the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station.

A Correction

I understand that, after all, Miss Alice Pollard is not playing in *Mother Hubbard* at Belfast, as stated on page 641 of this issue. The page went to press before the alteration could be made.

A "Wellcome" Book

A pocket-book in the hand is worth two encyclopædias on the bookshelf when one is far from home and puzzled by difficulties of exposure or in doubt as to the factor of a plate. The "Wellcome" Exposure Record is essentially a book for the pocket, and as handy an epitome of photographic art and practice as one could wish for. The articles contained in the literary portion of the 1911 edition, which is just published, are all of a highly interesting and useful character, and serve to help photographers over the technical difficulties of exposure, development, etc. The little book is neatly and strongly bound in green cloth boards and fitted with wallet, pencil, and clasp. In the latter portion of the book the problem of exposure is taken up in a very thorough and ingenious manner. To the inside of the cover is attached the "Wellcome" Exposure Calculator, with its movable disc which enables the correct exposure to be determined under all conditions of light and scene by a single turn of the scale.

An Acknowledgment

The photograph of Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, which appeared in our last issue, is the copyright of Messrs. Bassano, Ltd., Bond Street, W.

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